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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as wet could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A lot of cake for tea.
The day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily, as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"'twas this: that you were the best
And dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
The pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were as white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light and her butter was sweet
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think!" the children all cried in a breath,
"Tom Good has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maids will wed."

A BRAVE WOMAN.

In spite of the high opinion which we entertain of feminine courage in general, we must be permitted to doubt whether you all, ladies, feel yourselves capable of imitating on a similar occasion the heroine of the following little story, which we can recommend to your attention as entirely true:

Madame Aubrey occupied with her husband a large old house, in the village of D——. This house stood entirely alone, at the foot of an immense garden, far from neighbors, and had no other occupant than Monsieur and Madame Aubrey, their son, an infant of twelve months, and a domestic, recently admitted into their service.

One evening in the month of November Madame Aubrey was awaiting with some anxiety the return of her husband, who had been gone since morning to a town distant a few miles from D——. His business was to collect a debt, and he expected to bring home a large sum of money, and his wife now remembered, with a feeling of uneasiness, that she had seen him arm himself with a pair of pistols. It was about six o'clock, and Madame Aubrey went to her chamber accompanied by the domestic, with the intention of putting her little boy to bed.—This apartment, large and high, was situated on the second floor, looking into the garden. The oaken woodwork, turned almost black with age, the old-fashioned furniture of grotesque form and gloomy color, and some family portraits in ancient dress and severe countenances, gave to the room somewhat of a forbidden aspect. A deep alcove, beside which was placed the cradle of the infant, occupied nearly all the side of the room opposite to the fire-place. The curtains were drawn across the front, but one corner, having caught upon some article near, was raised sufficiently to show the foot of the bedstead, made of the same dark wood with the rest of the furniture, and carved in the curious figures and grotesque lines in which the artisans of a hundred years back were wont to indulge.

The night was a true November night—black and gloomy, with torrents of rain, which beat continually upon the windows. The trees of the garden, bent by the force of the wind, from time to time drew the finger like ends of their branches across the glass, making a fantastic and melancholy concert, in which mingled no human voice—no sound which promised human aid, should the want be ever so urgent.

Madame Aubrey sat upon a low chair in the corner of the fire-place, holding upon her knees the little boy whom she was undressing, while the servant at the other end of the room executed certain orders of her mistress. A blazing wood fire, aided by a lamp upon the mantle shelf, threw a strong light upon some objects, left others in intense shadow, and upon others again cast a wayward and fitful gleam, which caused them to assume grotesque and surreal forms. The baby had ceased his laughing play and had closed his drowsy eyes. The mother threw her eyes toward the cradle to assure herself that all was prepared; at this moment the fire blazed up suddenly and threw a strong light upon the corner of the bed exposed by the lifted curtain. As Madame Aubrey looked, she almost fell from her chair; under the bed, close to the cradle in which she had been about to deposit her sleeping child, she now beheld two great feet, shod in coarse brogans. In an instant the sense of her situation flashed across the mind of the young woman as if shown by a flash of lightning. This hidden man no doubt was a thief, perhaps an assassin. She was alone, without help present or soon to be expected, for her husband was not to return till eight or nine o'clock, and it was now but little past six.—What should she do? How should she defend herself?

Madame Aubrey had uttered no cry—she had not even moved, but she feared that the servant, making the same discovery, might not show the same prudence. The thief probably intended to remain in his present position until the middle of the night, then to issue forth and possess himself of the sum brought home by Monsieur Aubrey. But if prematurely discovered, and having no opponents but two women, he would probably make his escape, first securing their silence by their death. Then who knows but the servant herself was an accomplice—suspicious circumstances, hitherto unregarded, returned with renewed violence to the mind of Madame Aubrey. All these thoughts passed through the mind of the young mother in less time than I have occupied in the telling. Before many minutes had elapsed her calmness had entirely returned, and she had decided upon her part in the terrible drama. But she must get rid of the servant.

"You know," said she, without the least faltering of her voice, "you know the dishes which my husband prefers, and I think he will be pleased to find a good supper ready against his return. I had forgotten to tell you about it before, but go now and begin your preparations and bestow attention upon it."

"But," answered the servant, "shall you not want me here, as usual."

"No, I can do everything myself. Monsieur would be displeased, I am sure, if after his long ride in such weather he should not find a good supper upon his return."

After some attempts at delay, which redoubled in Madame Aubrey an uneasiness which she was obliged to conceal, the girl quitted the chamber. Her footsteps died away upon the stairs, and her mistress found herself alone with her child and those two terrible feet, which, half seen in the now dying light, seemed immovable as the bedstead itself. She still remained sitting near the chimney with the baby upon her lap, addressing to him, almost mechanically, caressing words, and soothing him to sleep, while her eyes never wandered from the menacing feet. The little fellow, tired of his position, began to cry for his cradle and its soothing motion, but the cradle was close to the alcove—close to the feet. The young mother conquered herself by a violent effort.

"Come then, my child," said she, and rising from her chair, she forced her tottering steps to be firm, and went toward the alcove. Behold her close to the ominous feet! She placed the baby in the cradle, and with a voice which all her resolutions could hardly keep from trembling, she commenced to sing her usual lullaby to the unconscious child, and as she sang the idea was ever in her mind that each word might be her last. At last the boy slept soundly, and the mother returned to her seat by the fire.

The clock strikes seven. One hour more and Madame Aubrey may expect deliverance. A deep silence reigned in the chamber. The infant slept peacefully. His mother, her hands convulsively clasping each other, her lips apart, her eyes fixed upon the menacing feet, remained immovable as a statue. From time to time, some noise in the garden would cause the heart of the watcher to leap with hope, but it always proved to be the rain, the wind or the shaking trees. It seemed to the unhappy woman that time had stopped, and that she was alone with those haunting feet. Heavens! They move! Is the assassin about to commence his fearful work? But no—it was only a slight movement, induced no doubt by the constrained position. He resumes his immobility.

The half-hour strikes. The anxious woman could have almost sworn that it was two hours since it struck last, but no, she knows that the clock is faithful, and there is still another weary half-hour before she may expect her deliverer.

Madame Aubrey took a book of religious meditations from the chimney-piece above her head, and attempted to read. Vain effort! Her eyes wandered continually from the page. Suddenly a thought crossed her mind with the sharpness and suddenness of light—if her husband should not return! His parents lived in the village to which he had gone; what more natural than that, seeing the severity of the weather, M. Aubrey should allow himself, by fond persuasions, to be detained until morning! She could neither wonder at nor blame him. But then what would become of herself and the little one dearer than herself?—her brain reeled under the thought. Eight o'clock sounded and nobody came. The supposition then was correct; the unhappy woman gave herself up for lost. She was about to seize her child and fly from the room when a noise resounded from the gravel walk beneath the window. The eager listener dared not trust her ears, she had been so often deceived—but now the door rolled upon its hinges and then fell heavily back in its place. A well-known step gayly ascended the stairs—the chamber door opened and a man appeared—a man, handsome, strong and vigorous. It was he! At this moment, had M. Aubrey been the ugliest of men—the worst of husbands—he would have assumed, in the eyes of his wife, all the graces, all the virtues imaginable.

He had only paused below to take off his dripping cloak and lay down his pistols.—He extended his arms and his wife rushed into them. But immediately recovering herself, she placed one finger on her lips, and with the other hand pointed to the feet.

M. Aubrey would have not been worthy of such a wife if he had failed in decision or *sang froid*. He gave a glance at his wife which said that he understood, and said aloud:

"One moment, my darling, and I will return; I have left my pocket-book down stairs, and I must show you my riches."

With these words he left the room, but in a moment he returned, holding a pistol in his hand. He examined the lock, approached the bed, stooped down and with his left hand seized one of the two feet, the finger of his right hand resting on the trigger of his pistol.

"Resist, and you are a dead man!" he exclaimed.

The owner of the feet did not seem disposed to risk the event. He suffered himself to be dragged by the foot into the middle of the room, where he disclosed a most villainous face as he crouched before the pistol pointed at his head. On being searched, a dagger was found and newly sharpened. He confessed that the servant was his accomplice, and had told him of the booty which awaited him.

Nothing remained but to deliver both to justice. Madame Aubrey indeed begged her husband to let them escape, but the public interest demanded the sacrifice of private feeling, and they were delivered up. During all this time the unconscious child slept soundly. After some little time Madame Aubrey related the events of the evening.

"I did not think you had been so brave," said her husband, embracing her.

But in spite of her bravery, the events of that night brought on a nervous fever, from which our little heroine did not recover for some weeks.

"MOTHER," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon in its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired living with such a menagerie as you and dad."

"TELL me, ye angelic hosts, ye messengers of love; shall swindled printers here below have no redress above?" The angels flapped their wings and said: "To you a heap is given; delinquents on a printer's book can never enter heaven."

JOINING THE CANNIBALS.

HOW AN AMERICAN BECAME A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER—SOME CURIOUS CEREMONIES.

An American traveller, who has spent ten years of his life in the South Sea Islands, relates some curious experiences, among the rest how he became an apostate and joined a band of savages. He had just partaken of a banquet given by the king, when he and his party were asked as to their designs.—He told them in reply they wanted to stay if they were allowed, and the narrator then goes on to say:

This somewhat surprised them, and after a brief interval, the priest gave us to understand that we could not remain there unless as citizens, but in order to our becoming such we must first embrace their religion; this done, it would be his majesty's gracious pleasure to receive us as his children.

This was a "sticker." Embrace their religion, indeed! That was putting it rather strong.

"What do you think of that, Tom?"

"I don't see anything very rough about it. We might do worse."

"Worse than become a pagan?"

"It's only a matter of form, anyway."

"What do you think, Jack?"

"Well, I'm of the same opinion as Tom. If we wish to take it easy and comfortable here we might as well be one of them."

"Besides," said Tom, "our conforming to their ceremonies does not prove our sincerity. What is to hinder us from making believe?"

"Well, if it's only to be a make believe conversation," said I, "that slightly alters the case."

"Then it's to be merely a make believe?"

"Certainly; make believe. Nothing more."

While we held our conference the others listened and looked on with much interest, narrowly scanning the faces of each speaker. I was delegated to inform the priest that we had made our decision, and would do as the king and laws required.

At this there was a great brightening up of countenances. A signal was given, and the king and courtiers left the hall, while we were told to remain there for the present, in company with the priest, who now evinced more friendship, and a few others. After waiting about half an hour, we heard the noise of an approaching multitude, accompanied with beating of rude drums (sounding like empty nail kegs), blowing of conch shells, and female voices shouting a barbarous chant. As the head of the musical column halted at the entrance of the stockade, the priest motioned to us that all was ready, when we immediately stepped forth. A sight met our gaze as we made our exit that almost took away our breath.

A lane of human beings were formed leading from the council-house, down the valley, till it was lost under the overarching trees of the road, beyond which we could not see. This lane was composed of two lines on either side, facing inward, or towards us; the two inner or nearest lines were the women of the nation decked in gala attire, i. e., wreaths of flowers on their heads, their long, black shining hair hanging below their waists, garlands of flowers around their necks, while their *tappa* waistcloth was similarly decorated. These females did the singing! Behind these stood the male performers, who, as we appeared, blew their shell horns and beat their drums with increased energy. About a dozen paces in front of us, standing backward to us, was an escort of twenty maidens—the belles of the nation—decorated similar to their sisters, in line, and further provided with a number of wreaths and garlands.

At a signal from the priest these maidens advanced in the direction toward which they were facing, breaking into a chant, which was taken up by the two lines of women, with instrumental accompaniment. We moved onward in rear, the whole concourse moving inward from the gate and following us in regular order. Thus we proceeded until we passed under the umbrageous arch, and after which we turned to the left and beheld a large inclosure on the hill, in the centre of which we descried a square stone building or mound, something like a mausoleum, or, if it had been larger, a reservoir.

As we drew near we observed near the entrance the king, while behind him, in semi-circle, were his ministers and chief men. Close to the gate, in two lines on both sides, were the priests, designated as such by long cloaks of *tappa* cloth almost touching the ground. We halted as we entered the open space in front of the king, where the maidens immediately placed their superfluous wreaths on our heads and garlands around our necks. This done, an aged priest advanced to the gate, and in a loud voice made a sort of a proclamation, apparently addressing the inmate, or supposed inmate, of the mausoleum, concluding his remarks with the exclamation "Pi pi!"

This was taken by the whole nation in response, who also shouted "*Pi pi?*" Then our attendant priest intimated to us what to do, when one by one we advanced to the gate and shouted as loud as we could, "*Pi pi!*" This was taken up again in response by the entire people, and then the ceremony closed.

The procession then reformed, and with the king and entire executive department at its head proceeded, amid the acclamations of the multitude, back to the stockaded palace. On arrival the people dispersed to the several abodes, leaving us there with the king and the three chiefs or dignitaries, including our old friend the priest. It was now sunset, and just as darkness came on, lamps of palm oil suspended in shells, hanging from joists above, were lighted, shedding not a very brilliant light; but still sufficient for all purposes. This done, another bountiful meal was spread in like manner as the previous one, of which the king and all present partook.

WANTED QUIET.—A nervous looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked him if there was anything he could do for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. The clerk went away, and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man, "I just want to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and says above all things I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers, I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.—*Peck's Sun.*

IN FOR LIFE!

"This cell," said the warden, as we reached 212, 'belongs to one of the oldest lifers in this prison. I believe he has been here nigh on to thirty years, and he bids fair to last for full twenty more. He is a very singular man."

"His crime was murder, of course?"

"Yes, and a strange murder. He was then a young man of twenty-two, rather morose, if not quiet, and no one had ever heard him use an oath or seen him display even the smallest vice. Had he stolen an axe his friends would have been amazed; what could their feelings have been, then, when he was charged with murder? One night, with no earthly excuse for offence, he got out of bed, walked three miles to the house of a friend, and called him out and stabbed him to the heart. He then retraced his steps to his home, and returned to bed and slept soundly until morning, the bloody knife lying on a chair by his bedside. He made no effort to conceal his crime, and when arrested had no excuse for it. From the day the constable put hands on him up to this hour he has not spoken except when forced to. I have several times had to threaten him with the strap to make him answer my questions."

"Does he mate with any one?"

"No; he comes and goes as if alone in this great prison. I cannot imagine what inducement could be held out to make him address a question to a prisoner. He shuns all of us as if we were poison. During all the years he has been here he has not asked a favor of any sort."

"Is he ever sick?"

"Once in a while, but he never complains. He would die in his tracks before he would ask to see the doctor. He has fainted away at his work bench and cried out in the delirium of fever, but he has never complained."

"What do the prisoners say about him?"

"They fear him. I have been told twenty different times that he would some day rebel, and that he would have to be shot before he could be disarmed. I can't say that he is plotting, but we keep a sharp eye on him. He has the eye of a perfect devil, and he will look at you in a way that will make your flesh crawl."

"Can he be insane?"

"No; a dozen different doctors have agreed that he is as sound as any man. He is simply a born devil. He was never known to laugh or cry. His old mother used to come here in years gone by—before she died—and she said she had never seen a smile on his lips, or a tear on his cheeks, not even in his babyhood. He is a hater. He hates himself. He hates everything living or dead. There is a cauldron of ugliness boiling within him and some day it will bubble over. When that event occurs we shall be most likely forced to kill him in self defense."

"Has he any relatives?"

"Not that we know of. His father was dead before the murder. He had a mother and a brother, but when he had been here about five years the poor old woman went to her grave. If a man has any heart in him a mother's heart and tears can touch it. She used to come here and wring her hands and weep and sob and pray, and this fiend sat as unmoved as a rock, even refusing to answer one of her questions. She was old and wrinkled and heartbroken the last time she came. She told him that it was her last visit, and that she had only two weeks to live, and the murderer turned his back on her. The brother came here three or four times, receiving the same treatment, and the last visit he made came very near being his last day on earth. Taking advantage of the momentary absence of the doorman this fiend grasped his brother's throat, and was fast choking him to death when help arrived. The brother died several years ago in Illinois, and now the man is alone on earth.—No one asks after him—nobody thinks of him. He is buried alive."

"He never writes to any one?"

"Never. He has not had a pen in his hand since entering the prison. Most of the prisoners manage to keep posted on outside affairs, but this man neither knows nor cares to know. I don't believe he knew of the war, long as it lasted. He won't talk; he can't or won't read; he won't permit a prisoner to talk to him, and as a consequence he hears no more of the world's doings than if he was in his grave. It must be a horrible feeling for a man to live this way, and yet he seems to enjoy it. One day is the same as another. One night is no blacker than another. Weeks pass and bring no change. Years come and go and his routine is the same. The past is full of blood—the future is a long, unbroken midnight. I have wondered that he did not commit suicide."

"Has he never tried to escape?"

"Never, and that is why we fear him. Three different times since he came here he has had good opportunities to take French leave, but he has refused to go. It wasn't because he feared recapture and punishment, for any of them will take the one chance in a hundred on that. It was because he hated the world worse than his prison. Give him another chance to-day, and he will refuse it. As I told you, he is a strange case. He is half man, half devil. Each year he is growing more like a fiend, and every time I look into his eye I think it has a more satanic gleam. I don't know what the end will be, but I half expect it will be full of rebellion, desperation, and blood. Some day his hate will overpower all other feelings, and he will pick up a bar of iron, an axe, or a sledge, and he will fight us to the death."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FEATHERED NIGHT FISHERS.—One of the most remarkable instances of phosphorescent light appearing on living creatures is found among the herons. Among the Keys and at the extreme end of Florida these birds are found in countless numbers. Market fishermen and sportsmen often notice peculiar dim lights standing motionless over the water among the mangrove thickets. They were discovered, however, to depend on the presence of the birds. When they were approached in the dark, the flapping of wings, as a heron flew away, would be the last of the lights. The *Ardia Herodias*, or great heron, has on its breast a spot about as large as the open palm, where the feathers are covered with a thick yellow powder that is easily shaken off, and evidently exudes from the body at this spot as a secretion, drying into a powder when exposed to the air. The bird stands motionless in the water, and the spot is undoubtedly used for or accomplishes the end of attracting the smaller fishes within reach of the bird; and, if it is a decoy, it is a most remarkable provision of nature.

THE age of a policeman cannot be told by his rattles.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

Strange as it may seem even to members of the Order of the Knights of Pythias elsewhere, a lodge in Bay City, Mich., has had the experience of inducting a female into the mysteries of two degrees of the order, and partially through that of third degree before her sex was discovered. It has placed the lodge in a sad dilemma, and none of the members are able to predict what will be the outcome thereof. They have been very reticent regarding the particulars of the case, but a reporter who belongs to the order has, through diligent inquiry among the members thereof, been able to glean the following facts in the case:

About two years ago a young man of prepossessing appearance, tall and handsome, with a smooth face, dark hair and bluish-grey eyes, who gave his name as Frank Chambers and his place of nativity as Cleveland, applied at a large clothing store on Centre street, Bay City, for a situation as a clerk, and his appearance made such a favorable impression on the youngest of the three brothers who kept the store that, being in want of a clerk, he engaged the newcomer, and didn't even ask for reference.—To this the other brothers demurred, but the new clerk took hold in such a handy manner, had such winning ways, and proved such an excellent salesman, that no more was said or thought of references.

From the start, being apparently about the same age, the youngest member of the firm and the new clerk became on very amicable terms, and were inseparable companions, with the exception that the new clerk took a room and board at a private house, and would not listen to the proposals, often made, to occupy a room and board with him.

Matters ran along smoothly in this way for nearly two years, when the young merchant, after repeated solicitations, prevailed upon the clerk to join the order of Knights of Pythias. Thereupon his application was presented to the lodge, approved, and the candidate elected. When, however, at the next meeting, the clerk was requested to be in readiness for initiation, he did not put in an appearance, and gave as an excuse that he felt timid about the matter; but at the next meeting thereafter he was promptly on hand, and inducted into the mysteries of the Page's, or first degree, of the order. At the next meeting the newly made Page was reluctant to take the Esquire's, or second degree, but was after a time prevailed upon to do so, and that night became an Esquire.—When the time arrived to take the third degree the candidate hesitated still more than before, but not one of the brethren suspected the true cause thereof—they attributed it to his usual timidity, and after several of them had talked with the young clerk, whom they all had come to admire and respect, he entered the lodge-room, witnessed the first degree conferred upon a new candidate, and had nearly passed through the third degree before the sex was discovered. Just exactly how this came about the unwritten work of the order will not permit the writer to discuss; but the members were struck with consternation, and then and there all further proceedings were suspended. The young lady had fainted upon finding out that her sex was discovered, and upon regaining consciousness was thoroughly chagrined, and no coherent story could be wrung from her, either by the gentle pleading of her employer or the threats of members, and her hysterics increasing, she was conveyed to her boarding house in a close carriage, and a doctor called to attend the case.

The above incidents occurred about five weeks ago, and are now made public for the first time. The young lady had a break full of female wearing apparel, and in a day or two, after the doctor had quieted her nerves, she donned her natural garments, and for her employer friend, and to him she made a clean breast of who she was and where her parents resided, but he refused to disclose any of the facts about her. She still remains in Bay City, and rumor is busy with the report that the younger member of the firm on whom she worked will marry her, and thus make a stronger tie to secrecy on the part of the young lady. Rumor also has it that the young lady not the young man on a certain occasion, fell in love at first sight, but not being able to make his acquaintance, took that method to do so.—*Cleveland Sun.*

ETHICS IN CONVERSATION.—Yesterday morning two strange boys met on Pearl-st., and the easy flow of their conversation can only be account of for by the fact that Bronson Alcott was in Burlington nine years ago when these two boys were babies.

"Hello!"

"Hello."

"Where you goin'?"

"Down here. Where you goin'?"

"Up yander. Where'd yer get that dog?"

"Up hyur."

"That's Will Staples' dog."

"Bet 'taint, mither, then."

"I know'd Bill Staples 'fore you did."

"I know where Jim Buch lives."

"I know Jake Stub de-lite."

"Jake Stubblekisses daddy is a policeman."

"My daddy works on a stee mine!"

"Ho! My daddy is dead. My uncle can lick your daddy."

"My daddy don't want to fight; but he ain't afraid of him."

"I'm goin' in swimmin' afternoon."

"I'm goin' in swimmin's a-comin'."

"Hain't."

"Wen."

"I got to go."

"I got to go' too."

"Hoh!"

"Huh!"

And they parted. It sounds very ridiculous, and the penn reporter who heard it laughed at it, but, brothers, did it ever occur to you that about half the wise men who meet casually on the street say little more than, and frequently not as much as, these two boys? Report your own conversations for just one day, and see how much or many of them you would like to see in print.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE youth that parts his hair at the operator, sucks the head of a rattan cane, squints with dreamy looking eyes through colossal glasses, wears No. 5 shoes on No. 6 feet, sports a double-breasted watch chain, to which is anchored a $4 watch, wears a horse's head scarf pin and sporting dog studs and says, "dewced," "aw, yes, dammee," and "don't you fail to remember it," has a soft thing in this world. He wears it in his hat just between the unusually thick skull.

MAN doubles all the evils of his fate by meditating upon them.

A Present from General Sherman.

HOW THE GENERAL PAID A GEORGIA WOMAN FOR HER CHICKENS.

Governor Murray tells a laughable story of his experiences of the Georgia march to the sea, which is worth repeating:

"Speaking of the famous march through Georgia," said the Governor, "I never shall forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to subsist off the country as we went along, and we naturally took about the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken ranch kept by an old lady, who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to lick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now, chickens were considered as officers' meat, and, as we were infernally hungry, we went for these old hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to speak, and finally we could hear her screams clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeons in to quiet her, but they failed, and then all the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was butchering the women. Finally my aid-de-camp up and asked what it was about, and when we told him he said: 'Give her a hundred of confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that won't stop her.' Acting on this hint, I proceeded to negotiate. We had captured a confederate mail the day before with $1,000,000 of confederate money in it, and I handed me the train at once. The money was worth about two cents on the dollar. When I started to leave the old woman was still in the road, but she was engaged in picking up the money. Sarah!' said he, 'where in blazes did you get this damned trash?'

"'A present from General Sherman,' said she.

"Taint worth a cent more to-day than it is in Hell,' fired with it down in New Orleans.

"The old woman rose up, her face as white as your shirt front, and her eyes wasn't pleasant to meet.

"So you are the folk that gives the title, are you?" she cooled out, standing for the old lady.

"The entire mess rose and started from that house. We never loved any more of her, and there isn't a man of the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that confederate money, if it would bring one hundred cents on the dollar at the treasury department, Washington."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A Peculiar Trait of Colored Women.

"Admitting as we must that the negroes are more or less imitators, how are we to explain the fact that the negro women do not believe that any person ever sees two negroes alike. I have attended a number of negro weddings, and have never yet seen the bride kissed while, on the other hand, a wedding among the whites, with its attendant reception without kisses, would be something out of place in fashionable social circles. I have also heard that ladies among the colored people, when calling to condole with the afflicted, are in the habit of kissing the corpse in addition to the usual ceremony, but this custom is confined to the whites entirely. Among the colored people it is considered the height of vulgarity to kiss a dead person. Another thing, the colored women are very fond of children, and I have often heard my father remark the same thing. He was over 80 years old, and frequently told me it was a tradition through the family that the negro was a man never kiss. A friend of mine, who has been a great traveller, has visited Africa and Hayti, has remarked to me that the strange fact that negro women never kiss.—*Louisville (Ky.) Post.*

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that sweet voice, notice the tenderness of even a fond touch that is bestowed upon you by her gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the sad history of that hopeless eyes, for the kind answers of that hope was weak, however slight your pain. In after years you may have friends—fond, dear friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother possess. Often do I sigh to my struggles with the dark, unsmiling world, for a look, a word of sympathy I got, when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quaint tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and mellow voice.—Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I appeared downcast; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; and while her words whispers from the grave fell not her eyes watch over me, as I visit scenes long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Lord Macaulay.*

THE WAY TO CONQUER.—"I'll master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made the edge more blunt till it ceased to strike. "Leave it to me," said the saw, and with its relentless teeth he work'd backward and forward on its surface till they were all broken off. "Pish! Fie!" said the hammer; "I'll try what I can do." But at the first stroke of the hammer the iron shivered in shivers. "Shall I try?" asked a small voice. But they despised the flame; but he entered gentle among the iron, and penetrated it, and never left it till it melted under its influence. There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of words, the malice of persecution, and the fear of pain, unless to make their nest avail of their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.

OUR little Johnny has been given up to die (diphtheria) and we gave him PERUNA; he is well.

DOING nothing is the most slavish toil.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - - OCT. 28, 1881.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

STATE.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
ORANGE NOBLE, of Erie.

JUDICIARY.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGES:
JAMES MYERS, Ebensburg.
JOHN FLANIGAN, Stonycreek Twp.

COUNTY.

FOR TREASURER:
JOHN A. KENNEDY, Ebensburg.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
JOSEPH HOGUE, Allegheny Twp.
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Boro'.
FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
GEORGE W. EASLY, Johnstown.
FOR COUNTY AUDITORS:
H. A. ENGLEHART, Ebensburg.
JOHN LITZINGER, Clearfield Twp.
FOR CORONER:
C. W. EASLY, Johnstown.

ARRESTS of prominent members of the Land League, as well as newspaper editors, continue to be made daily throughout Ireland under the Coercion act. Even Irish woman are beginning to feel the tender mercies of the all-powerful and magnanimous British government, for on Monday last Miss Hobnett, of Cork county, was taken into custody, for persisting in exhibiting in a window in her house a copy of the "no rent" manifesto.

The English press regard the manifesto of the Irish Land League ordering a general strike against rents as directly encouraging civil war. The League promises to supply the wants of those who may be dispossessed be the landlords with money collected from the friends of the League in the United States, and asserts that another heroic effort on the part of the Irish people will dispose of the landlords and their cause. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* believes that ruin to individuals and possibly bloodshed will result from the 'no rent' circular of the League, while the *Irish Times* thinks the tenants will not obey the order, but will be eager to take advantage of the Land act.

IN consequence of the proclamation issued on yesterday week by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, against the Land League as an illegal body, the League publishes a notice advising the people to remain firm and true to the cause, but to abandon for the present all projected meetings of which the government might and doubtless would take advantage. It is said in London that a great pressure is being exerted by prominent English and Irish Catholics to obtain from the Pope a strong and clear condemnation of the Land League, and that the Papal Secretary of the State has replied that while the Pope is sorely afflicted by the conduct of a portion of the Irish clergy, he can only interfere to a certain degree in questions which more especially concern the Irish local ecclesiastical authorities.

IT is now very manifest that Chester A. Arthur has consented to disgrace himself and his administration be openly siding the triumph of repudiation in Virginia. The test office at Lynchburg, that State, has been held by Wilson, a straight-out Republican, and the sworn foe of Mahone and the Readjusters. One of Mahone's freebooters named Stratham, wanted the office, and after a bitter contest Arthur gave it to him on Monday last. This is carrying out the terms of the bargain entered into last winter between the Republican Senators and Vice President Arthur of the one part and Mahone of the other part. The Republican party is now openly committed to the damnable doctrine of repudiation so far as the general administration can commit it, and the old Grant crowd, with Conkling at its head, are all in favor of Mahone and his piratical crew. Southern treason in 1861 was only a trifle less infamous than the espousal in 1881 of the sin of repudiation by the "grand old Republican party."

THE Senate of the United States on Monday last elected Francis E. Shober as its acting secretary. Mr. S. is the present chief clerk, and was formerly a Democratic member of Congress from North Carolina. His election appears to have been mutually agreed upon by the members of both parties in the Senate. It is understood that when that body meets in December, Mahone will insist upon the election of Gorham as secretary, the nomination of that scurvy politician by the Republican Senators last March never yet having been rescinded. At least four Republican Senators who are the special friends of Blaine aver that they will never vote for Gorham, and David Davis also declares that he will never reach the place by his vote. Gorham will therefore remain out in the cold, and as to Riddleberger, Mahone's candidate for sergeant-at-arms, it is now announced that if Mahone carries the Virginia election he will have Riddleberger elected as his colleague in the Senate. That would be a pleasant spectacle for the American people to contemplate.

THE President on Monday last nominated to the Senate ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, as Secretary of the Treasury, and the nomination was immediately confirmed. It is believed, however, that he will not accept the nomination on account of his advanced age and business engagements. Grant pressed Arthur to give the place to Conkling, and Arthur was willing, but Conkling saw further into the future of Republican politics than either Grant or Arthur, and refused to listen to the proposition. In regard to the successor of MacVeagh, the Attorney General, the President is halting, or was on Tuesday, between Howe, of Wisconsin, and Boutwell, of Massachusetts. The idea that either of these men are fit to fill the office of Attorney General of the United States is somewhat peculiar, and Boutwell especially, when one remembers how he was impaled by Evarts on the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnston. It is probable that no other cabinet changes than these two will be made until Congress meets in December. It is thought that the session of the Senate would close finally on yesterday afternoon.

CHOOSE YE BETWEEN THEM.

The Democratic county ticket was nominated by a direct vote of the Democratic citizens of Cambria. The Republican ticket was nominated by the Court House syndicate of Ebensburg. It requires only *six men* to make their nominations. It was decreed by them that Barker and Davis should be nominated for Treasurer and Commissioner, and the rest of the ticket should be made to fit.

An Associate Judge is needed nowhere so much as at the county seat. Half the duties of that office must be performed between Courts, in taking bail, hearing applications for the staying of wits, etc. An intelligent and respectable Republican desired the nomination and would have received it had not the syndicate prevented his name from coming before the convention; and gave the nomination to Richard Elder, without intending to elect him. Elder was a candidate for Commissioner, but in order to defeat William Glass, of Munster township, for whom Elder's delegates would have voted and thereby secured his nomination, they stole Elder's delegates from Glass in order to defeat him and help to fix up things to suit the syndicate. And, now, a ticket thus nominated, is sought to be elected by the foulest slanders on the Democratic candidates. The Republican newspapers have not dared to impeach the integrity of a single man on the Democratic ticket; but Barker is wealthy and Davis has a livery stable, and money and lies are being circulated without stint all over the county. Let no Democrat be simple or mercenary enough to take any stock in either their lies or their money.

WHATEVER others may believe, we are now satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt, that the Democratic members of the U. S. Senate will submissively vote to confirm any nomination that the President sends to it. On Saturday last they, or at least most of them, voted for the nomination of W. W. Dudley as Commissioner of Pensions. It is true he was nominated by President Garfield, but the result would have been the same if he had been the nominee of Arthur. Who is Dudley? He was United States Marshal of the State of Indiana and prostituted his office during the Presidential campaign in that State last year to the basest political purposes. He was Stephen W. Dorsey's tool in Indiana a year ago and aided him to carry that State by the rankest bribery, and thereby defeated Hancock. There are thirty-seven Democratic members of the Senate, to thirty-eight Republicans, and David Davis, and it was the plain duty of the Democrats to vote solidly against Dudley, and let the Republican "majority" put him through. With what consistency can Democratic Senators, after endorsing Dudley, assert that the Democrats were robbed of a President in 1880 by Dorsey's corrupt action in Indiana? After this performance by the Democratic Senators it would not surprise us if Mr. Arthur, at the instance of Grant, should nominate old Madison Wells, of Louisiana Returning Board infamy, for an important office, to see Democratic Senators condone his crimes, as they did Dudley's, and vote for his confirmation.

IF all the reports which reach us from the rural districts are even half true, and where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, Mr. Barker, the Republican candidate for County Treasurer, has adopted a very transparent method to wheedle Democrats into his support. He mildly suggests to them that the nomination was not sought by him —that he don't expect to be elected, as he will be badly cut in the southern part of the county—that he is very anxious to make up his loss by Democratic votes in the north, and that, therefore, Democrats, always keeping in mind his first proposition, that he can't be elected, will run no risk in voting for him. This is the old device or story of the cunning spider inviting the unsuspecting fly into his handsomely carpeted parlor. How many Democratic flies Mr. B. expects to capture by this thin process we do not know, but we think the number will not be alarmingly large, confident as we are that no Democrat who is wide awake and knows the tricks to which a candidate for office under difficulties will resort to encompass votes, will be cajoled or caught with such chaff. If Mr. Barker can in this way seduce into his support enough Democratic voters in the northern district to elect him how he would laugh in his sleeve at his Democratic dupes. Let no one, therefore, take any stock in his story, which is as transparent as a cake of ice.

EVERY Republican as well as every Democrat in the county who knows John A. Kennedy is well aware of the fact that, he is not only poor and crippled, but strictly honest. Yet the Chairman of the Republican County Committee, who holds an office indirectly obtained thro' Democratic votes, has the hardihood to misrepresent our candidate for County Treasurer wherever he goes. We threw out the challenge two weeks ago daring any man to assail with truth the honesty and integrity of Mr. Kennedy. No Republican paper has essayed the task, for they well know it can't be done; but to elect the rich man over the poor one Kinkead knows it is necessary to do a foul wrong. We repeat, then, that Mr. Kennedy never had any connection with the late Mr. Freidhoff as either clerk or deputy, and therefore had no knowledge of the inner workings of the Treasurer's office under that gentleman's administration. This is a fact, and no one knows it better than Mr. Kinkead himself.—John A. Kennedy is a favorite with the people because they know him to be honest and capable, and Democrats will be careful in the future not to boost men into office by their votes who villify and misrepresent their best friends and most deserving candidates.

WE join with our Johnstown contemporary in advising Democrats to take care of the county ticket. The nominations are deserving of the support of every member of the party, and this should be cheerfully given. Let an earnest, determined effort be made in its behalf in every township in the county. Let there be a full vote.

"SOLITARY and alone, I set this ball in motion," was the boast of Thos. H. Benton, in his speech in the U. S. Senate on his motion to expunge from the records of that body the resolution of a Whig Senate censuring Andrew Jackson for his removal of the public deposits from the old U. S. Bank, and although Charles S. Wolfe isn't as great a man as Benton, nor likely to become so, he can literally repeat Benton's words so far as his independent candidacy for State Treasurer is concerned. Wolfe, "solitary and alone," nominated himself on the day after the Republican bosses nominated Bailey simply because he had been one of Grant's 306 thick and thin supporters for a third term at the Chicago convention. Wolfe's undertaking looked at first like going into a very big field of corn with a very small hoe, but his campaign has assumed such formidable proportions that the Republican leaders that ridiculed and laughed at it in the beginning are now thoroughly frightened at it and are making the most desperate efforts to save Bailey from defeat. Wolfe seems determined to make every vote for himself that he can, and his meetings in all parts of the State where he has spoken are represented as having been large in size and full of enthusiasm. He is constantly on the go between the eastern, western and northern counties of the State, and counts on a very large vote in all sections.

Unless a reformer is prepared to go to the length of defeating the candidate or candidates set up by the boss or the machine, and to go on defeating them until the boss withdraws from the business and the machine is disabled, he had better remain quiet. Whenever it is made perfectly clear, as Wolfe is making it, that the real struggle will take place on the day of the election, that moment the bosses are doomed. Wolfe's campaign is entirely consistent with his long and openly avowed hostility, to the arrogant demands of Cameronism, and he has taken the only course to rescue himself and those who think with him from the clutches of the ring at the Republican State Convention next year.

BELOW will be found the full text of a letter from Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, Ireland, disapproving of the manifesto issued by the Land League last week advising Irish tenants to refuse to pay any rent. The Archbishop has all along stood by Mr. Parnell and the main purposes of the League, but did not approve of the bitter opposition of Mr. P. to the Land act when it was before Parliament, and from his great influence in Ireland, his protest against the "no rent" platform cannot be otherwise than a most serious blow to the League. His letter is a follows:

THURLES, Oct. 9.—I have just read with the utmost pain and indeed with absolute dismay a manifesto issued by the leading patriots incarcerated in Kilmainham jail and publicly proclaimed to the country from the Land League rooms, on Sackville street. Against the counsel of the people of this country, even under still more exciting and critical circumstances than the present, to the doctrine of non-payment of rent, but for a certain specified time, I must and hereby do enter my solemn protest. At no time an enrolled member of the League, I have been a steadfast, uncompromising supporter of its public policy as a whole, believing the same to be thoroughly legal, constitutional and calculated to lead to national results. I am precisely of the same opinion still, but I have always and unequivocally stated that I stood out for fair rents and nothing more; for the safe foothold of the agricultural classes upon the Irish soil, that they should be wholesomely fed, fairly clothed, and suitably lodged, and that the absolute repudiation of rent, should it ever find public expression in Ireland would meet with no sympathy from me. Such are my views. I regret to have been obliged to say so much.

I hold to the original platform of the Irish National Land League. There is no more reason for abandoning it now than there was when Davitt took possession of his cell in Portland, or when Dillion, with his two hundred companions, were committed to Kilmainham jail. It was a most prudently elastic policy. It was a righteous policy, tested by experience and results. It was a successful policy, and it welded bishops, priests and laymen into one brotherhood of national work. It pains me, then, sorely to think that any attempt should be made to displace the old lines, especially by the very men by whom they were so judiciously laid down. And how I thoroughly believe in the policy of the past in all its substantial branches, and I quite as firmly believe that the policy now so impetuously recommended to the country instead, besides being condemned on the ground of principle and expediency, can lead to nothing but disintegration and defeat. T. W. CROKE,
Archbishop of Cashel.

WE were led to believe from what was reported to have been said by members of the Washington city Bar in good standing, both before and immediately after the death of President Garfield, that there was no doubt about the jurisdiction of the Criminal Court of that city over Guiteau's offence. This is now seriously questioned, and Richard T. Merrick, who stands at the very head of the Bar in the District of Columbia, has consented to argue the case before Judge Cox some time next week. Mr. Merrick says that he is very confident that the Court has no jurisdiction and that he can show by the highest and most undoubted authority that his position is correct. If he can satisfy Judge Cox that he is right, then Guiteau must be tried in the county in New Jersey in which the President died. There must be no mistake about the Court's jurisdiction, because the trial of the criminal before an unauthorized tribunal would be a blunder worse than a crime. Attorneys General MacVeagh has appointed a member of the Washington Bar to assist District Attorney Corkhill in prosecuting the case, and we think from what the public has already learned of Corkhill that he will stand in need of all the assistance that the deputy of the Attorney General can give him.

BETTING NO DISQUALIFICATION TO VOTERS.—The question is raised by some whether being interested in any bet upon the election disqualifies such person from voting at such election. There is an act of the Legislature requiring Inspectors and Judges of elections to reject such votes. This act is very likely to mislead, being clearly unconstitutional, according to the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of McCafferty vs. Gever, to be found in vol. 59 of the Pennsylvania State Reports. By this decision an act defranchising deserters in the late war was declared unconstitutional. In pronouncing the opinion, the court said that the qualifications of voters were fixed by the constitution, and could not be added to, or abridged by the Legislature. The right of franchise is a sacred right guaranteed by the constitution and it cannot be altered by a mere legislative enactment. Betting is an offence against the law which may be punished, but it will not deprive the person of voting.

A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE AS TO HOW TO GAIN HEALTH.—Nothing is more charming and attractive than a thoroughly healthy, perfectly formed woman; a bright-eyed, rosy, laughing, joyous, happy-faced girl—one who finds keen pleasure in merely living. An invalid wife or mother is a constant object of sympathy in an otherwise contented household. Happy the home whose women folk enjoy perfect health. In my practice I have always recommended sickly women to use Brown's Iron Bitters.—In case of irregularities, dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, nausea, sour stomach, nervousness and exhaustive debility, I find it exceeds all other remedies as a true medicinal tonic. It never fails to gently soothe, refresh and strengthen the general system, and especially these parts made weak by continued distress; and what satisfies me most is, that the cures, although in some instances gradual, are always permanent.
Harrisburg, Pa., March 30, 1881. M. D.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

JOY STRANGELY BLENDED WITH SORROW—PHILADELPHIA POLITICS AND REFORM—WHAT SPECIAL REFORM WAS IT?—ST. JOSEPH'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA—LAND LEAGUERS—RECEIVERS OF STOLEN GOODS—A HEALTHY SENTIMENT—A HISTORIC CHURCH—A DISTINGUISHED ENTERTAINMENT, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25, 1881.

[Special Correspondence of the FREEMAN.]

MY DEAR HENRY—I am exceedingly happy that Riddleberger didn't riddle Wise, and that Wise didn't riddle Riddleberger. I am also happy that Mahone will not kill General Early—that he has no notion of fighting Early, and that the arrest of Mahone was only a play for safety. I am also overjoyed to feel that President Arthur is safe from assassination. It is pleasant to know that President Arthur can say to President *protempore* Davis what King Charles II. said to his brother James. "You need not be alarmed, James; no one will ever kill me for the sake of seeing you King of England." This flattering *mot*, addressed by Charles II. to his brother, can be addressed by President Arthur to President *pro tem.* Davis. Arthur need not be alarmed that any one will kill him for the sake of seeing Davis in the chair of the Chief Executive. The Republican managers have carefully and very properly calculated that no Republican will undertake to kill Arthur that Davis may take his place, and still less any Democrat. But, dear Henry, my great joy is strangely blended with deep sorrow that Davy Davis is not happy in occupying the very interesting position of buffer for Arthur. When he calls to recollection the words of Charles II. to his brother it causes Davy much unhappiness. The unhappiness of John Kelly is also a great damper on my happiness. Although Mr. Kelly had a yearning desire gratified, still he is unhappy. Some time ago Mr. Kelly expressed a consuming anxiety to see a State convention which would dare to throw out Tammany Hall. Mr. Kelly's wish was gratified to its full extent, and yet he is not happy.

I would be happy always if everybody else were happy. Some people, however, are never happy. Thackeray said: "When I was a boy, I wanted taffy; it was a shilling—I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy." I find it just as Thackeray has expressed it. When we have no shilling we want taffy, but when we have a shilling we want something better than taffy. When we have something good, we want something better. Every one wants to do better to-morrow than he has been doing to-day. We all expect to go somewhere when we die and have a better time when we get there than we have here. Well, perhaps some of us will, and perhaps some of us will fare worse.

PHILADELPHIA POLITICS AND REFORM.

The voters of Philadelphia are now offered the opportunity denied them by some of the party nominations of electing to an important office persons who, without reference to their party predilections, fill up the measure of capacity and honesty. The Committee of One Hundred has done a good and a proper thing in putting before the people of Philadelphia the names of fit candidates for the office of County Commissioner—something which was not done by either of the two political parties. Both the gentlemen they have named are qualified for the position, and are, besides, men of irreproachable character and integrity. But having entered into the contest, the Committee of One Hundred should not stop half way. The Committee has as yet gained no laurels worth the wearing except those obtained in the election of Democrats to office. The Committee owes its existence to the insufferable evils of Republican rule, and it owes its victories to the solidity of Democratic support, and if the Committee is actuated by pure motives and stands up to its principles, it will not hesitate to endorse the candidacy of Major Veale for Recorder of Deeds. O'Donnell, his opponent, is a machine man, his nomination was the triumph of the machine, and his candidacy was a challenge to the Committee of One Hundred. Mr. Veale was a gallant soldier when the country needed soldiers, is a gentleman of undoubted fitness for the office, and under the circumstances the Committee of One Hundred should endorse the candidacy of Major Veale for Recorder of Deeds. He has planted himself on Mayor King's civil service platform, and if the Committee does not endorse him it will not be true to its principles and professions. As the Philadelphia *Record* truthfully says: "If it does not, it may as well run up its shutters." There is no other way to break down the machine except by Democratic co-operation, and if the Committe of One Hundred does not assist to elect Major Veale it is not honest in its professions, and, as the *Record* aptly remarks, "should put up its shutters."

WHAT "SPECIAL REFORM" WAS IT?

What "special reform" was that which so moved the *Congregationalist* when it said: "The taste of reform during Mr. Garfield's administration is too sweet and wholesome, too noble and assuring, to be given up without clamor?" Now what "special reform" was it that so much moved that good religious journal? Was it the nomination of William E. Chandler, or the alliance with Senator Mahone? As for my own cynical self, I would like to have a bill of particulars, and the secular reading public are interested in knowing what appears to a religious journal as "thoroughly sweet, wholesome, noble and assuring." As the *Congregationalist* is presumed to be on the FREEMAN'S exchange list, will the FREEMAN please to ask its respected contemporary for a bill of particulars?

"POLITICAL NECESSITY"—RECEIVERS OF STOLEN GOODS.

Rev. Dr. D. S. Muchmore, of the Memorial Presbyterian church, recently preached a sermon the subject of which was "Baalam, the Broken-down Politician." The Rev. gentleman said "that men who covered themselves with the cloak of Christianity *boosted up* and did all in their power to elect men to public office right in their midst, knowing them to be morally rotten in the eyes of the community." He said further: "When these so-called pillars of the churches were asked why they supported men whom they knew to be thieves and scoundrels, they entered the plea of political necessity." His discourse upon the career of a politician was pungent, and his description of Baalam's downfall and his pitiable ending was pregnant with inferences as to the end of a politician's career at the present day. But so long as there are such men as Carpenter, of this city, who in the face of a shameless fraud exposed in an open Court when the returns were computed, accepted a title that was reeking with fraud, and sat in Councils to obey the ring masters, when he knew of the theft of his title, there will be ballot stuffers. If there were not Carpenters and Hayeses to accept the fruits of the petty party dependants who pollute the ballots, there would be no Monats to fling their shame upon the people. There seems to be no punishment by law for men like Carpenter and Hayes, who receive and enjoy the stolen goods.

PHILADELPHIA LAND LEAGUERS.

Elaborate preparations are on foot for the reception of T. P. O'Connor and Dr. Francis Dillon Egan, to take place on the night of the 16th of November at the Academy of Music, on which occasion there will be a vigorous protest against the late tyrannical action of the British government. The indignation occasioned among Irish Philadelphians by the arrest of Parnell and his associates has been most emphatically expressed at the Land League meetings. At all their gatherings resolutions of sympathy for Parnell, of devotion to the cause of the League, and of condemnation for the course of the British government received unanimous and enthusiastic approval. Rev. William Walsh, of St. Paul's church, denounced the arrest of Parnell, Dilion, Davitt and others, and predicted that in these arrests England was placing the last straw on the back of an almost crushed people. He adverted in glowing terms to the wrongs which Ireland had suffered for centuries and contrasted the misery of Ireland under English rule with the happiness enjoyed by Ireland's sons under the American flag.

A HEALTHY SENTIMENT AROUSED.

Our old Cambria county friend, Judge Cyrus L. Pershing, has aroused a healthy public sentiment, to the end that every vestige of the vicious system of marriage insurance may be crushed. Instead of giving the Reiner City Marriage Association a charter, that worthy magistrate gave it a judicial kick. Your honorable former fellow citizen magesterially took the Reiner City Association by its inchoate ear and led it out of the Pottsville Court. With Cambrians such a thing from Judge Pershing would be reasonably expected. What he said about said associations of this character applies with equal force to those of kindred enormity, such as graveyard insurance associations. The sooner public sentiment dislodges these systems of fraud upon the credulous from the State the better. It would be well for Pennsylvania were there more Judge Pershings to add their testimony to the immorality of mutual aid associations, and in refusing to charter them.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FIXED.

At a Coroner's investigation of the "Mill Catastrophe," of which I spoke in my last letter, a jury of experts declared the owner of the property criminally responsible, and censured the book-keeper of the concern for inhumanity. It was manifest to every one that somebody was responsible for the terrible calamity, and the jury fixed the responsibility without hesitancy. The verdict of the jury meets with universal approval. It is a disgrace to Philadelphia that *fifteen hundred* of her buildings in which tens of thousands of her citizens daily congregate are without proper facilities to enable their inmates to escape in case of fire. The picture of several hundred frightened factory girls frantically tumbling over each other in their desperate attempts to make use of an insufficient fire escape is terrible to contemplate. Woe to the covetous parsimony of the builder who will not erect a fire escape unless compelled to do so by law.

A HISTORIC CHURCH.

An item of the greatest interest connected with the Yorktown Centennial was that of a *Te Deum* service in St. Joseph's Catholic church, in this city, on Sunday last, in commemoration of the occasion of thanksgiving held within its walls one hundred years ago, after the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis.—The German used on Sunday last in St. Joseph's church in the grand diapasons of Hayden's War Mass is the same organ that rang out its swelling tones in the grand anthem of "Columbia" one hundred years ago, and a century's strains, it seems, have not lessened its powers, but rather added to the sweetness of its tones. The service held in this church one hundred years ago was not tedious, but the most remarkable incident that marked the rejoicings which took place on account of Cornwallis' surrender. St. Joseph's church on the present occasion was beautifully decorated with the national colors. After a Solemn High Mass the *Te Deum* was sung by a full choir, with orchestral accompaniments. After the gospel a discourse appropriate to the occasion was delivered by Rev. William Frances Clarke, of Baltimore, who delivered the Fourth of July oration in the same church in the Centennial year. The services in St. Joseph's Catholic church, in Willing's alley, this city, throws a light upon an incident not generally known in the history of thanksgiving services of the different churches throughout the land that followed the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. In Andrews' English history of the American Revolution we find the following: "A discourse was delivered in the Roman Catholic church of that city (Philadelphia) by Monseigneur de Bondole, Chaplain to the French President, at which Congress assisted in compliment to that minister."—The address was one worthy of the theme by which it was inspired, as it has been reported by two historians, one an Englishmen and the other an American. St. Joseph's is truly a historic church.

A DISTINGUISHED ENTERTAINMENT.

The descendents of the illustrious men who took part in the siege at Yorktown are to enjoy the hospitality of the Academy of Natural Sciences. When distinguished persons are to be entertained it is thought to be most proper to arrange a programme of exercise which will afford them the greatest gratification. Opinions differ as to the influence of dancing upon the taste and manners of a community. Some of our citizens enthusiastically claim for this accomplishment the dignity of a fine art, and say it is *"the poetry of motion,"* while others demur. The unique figure, however, of the next programme is to be a dance, and the magnificent hall of the institution is to be especially arranged for the festive occasion. The entertainment will be of such a character that the visitors at the Academy of Natural Sciences from both sides of the Atlantic will long remember it. The savans of the Academy are receiving professional instructions, so that they will be able to acquit themselves with perfect grace and accuracy of motion, altho' many of them have not indulged in exercises "on the light fantastic toe" for a long time. It is to be regretted that all cannot be participants, but happily all can imagine the scene, where splendidly dressed ladies, brilliant with costly jewels and animated countenances, foreign dignitaries in magnificent court costumes and dignified professors in plainer garments move gracefully to the measures of entrancing music. If your correspondent had a pair of new legs he would be a *precipitance* with the distinguished descendents of the illustrious men who took part in the siege of Yorktown in the dance at the Academy of Natural Sciences; but, alas! in these old legs there is no longer *poetry of motion.* Such an incident, in such a place will be universally regarded as a novelty, and will long be remembered on both sides of the Atlantic.

"FLOODED WITH PROFFERS OF SUPPORT."

First Assistant Postmaster General Tyner won't resign, and says he is flooded with proffers of support. He threatens to tell all he knows about the Star route frauds and the connection therewith of Blaine, Key and others of the last two Cabinets if he is pushed for the wall. Tyner's proffers of support need not resign, and that he will not be pushed to the wall. Tyner's suppressed report convicts the Hayes administration of guilty knowledge of the star route frauds.

NO LIMIT TO GARFIELD'S HONORS.

All the honors that a mortal might be supposed to crave at the hands of his fellows were paid to Garfield's memory by the people. Large amounts of money were raised for his family and great sums were expended in mourning decorations and in funeral ceremonies, all of which was cheerfully contributed, but there is a limit to such manifestations, and if the response to the appeal for funds for the proposed Garfield monument is answered as the movers in the matter would have it answered, it will be a departure from the practices of the past. Garfield was buried at an immense expense to the public, and now *two hundred thousand* dollars more is the sum fixed as the cost of a proposed monument to him. What is due to the great ones of the earth may be mostly considered forfeited. Men at the Day of Judgement will be accountable for their alms and what excuse shall the unfeeling rich man give when the poor shall accuse him. I was hungry and you gave me not to eat; I was naked and you did not clothe me. There is probably not one person out of one hundred who will give hundreds of dollars to Garfield's monument fund who would give one dollar to feed or clothe the poor. Let those who contribute to the great ones of earth reflect that they are not ministering to the Lord. We only minister to the Lord when we give to the poor. "He that hath mercy on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and he will repay him."—Proverbs xix, 17. What we present to God is always attended with advantage, as He gives it back with interest in spiritual blessings. God pays with liberality for the very crumbs that are given for his sake. His rewards are laid up in heaven, even for a cup of cold water. On the other hand, what is given to the great ones of earth is virtually forfeited. The heart that is hard to the poor is the heart of a reprobate, but the soul that is truly charitable is a soul predestined for glory. Contributors to the Garfield monument fund are not ministering to the Lord, and are therefore not laying up treasures in heaven.

G. N. S.

A BRADFORD COUNTY MYSTERY.—About 5 o'clock in the afternoon of September 20, 1881, Dora Mann, an adopted daughter of Andrew Mann, between 13 and 14 years old, near Leona, Pa., was sent to fetch the cow. After she had been gone about three-quarters of an hour Mrs. Mann went after her. At dusk she returned, stating to her family, which consisted of her mother-in-law and her daughter, that Dora could not be found. Several of the neighbors turned out and spent the night in the adjoining fields and woods in a fruitless search. The following day the search was continued without making any discovery. The neighbors by this time suspected that the girl had been abducted or had gone to her relatives, and the search was discontinued. On Tuesday last, October 18, a lad 12 years of age discovered the remains of the girl suspended from a sapling pine which stood in the open field. The remains were identified by the hair and clothing to be those of the lost girl, and had the appearance of having been placed in the position in which she was found after death. Her knees were upon the ground, her head thrown backward and her hands hanging almost to the ground. Upward of two hundred people visited the place where the remains were found, and all were convinced that the girl had met her death by violence. The Coroner's jury promptly rendered a verdict that Dora Mann was killed by a blow or blows inflicted by an unknown person or persons. The Mann family, Andrew Mann and wife and Charles Barr and wife, have been arrested. Great excitement prevails.

THE jury in the case of Frank Rambergen, on trial at Harrisburg for the murder of Daniel Trautman in November last, rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree on Friday evening, after having been out over three hours. The court house was densely packed when the verdict was announced. The prisoner, who is only 21 years of age, received the verdict with apparent indifference. The conviction was mainly due to the testimony of his brother, Henry Rumberger, found guilty of the same crime on Wednesday, who swore that Frank had fired the fatal shot.

CATARRH.—Relief in five minutes in every case; gratifying, wholesome relief beyond a money value. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical and permanent. Choking, putrid mucous dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored. Complete treatment for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. [10-7.-1m.]

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Henry Craig, of Chester, has a dog that drinks beer.

—Captain Ferguson, of Erie county, owns a cat weighing nineteen pounds.

—The Wolfe men are holding meetings every night in Pittsburg and Allegheny.

—"Aunty" Graham, aged 105 years, of West Chester, died on Sunday morning.

—A Pike county man has a contract to furnish 700,000 ties for a railroad in Florida.

—Father Ryan, the poet priest, has decided to pass the rest of his days at Biloxi, Mississippi.

—An alligator thirty inches in length was recently caught in the Susquehanna near Lewistown.

—The Harrisburg *Independent* thinks somebody ought to paralyze the liar who edits the Erie *Herald*.

—John Gyumber, famed as "the sleeping Hungarian," died on Friday at the Lehigh county almshouse.

—James Bane, of Jefferson township, Greene county, was killed by a fall from his horse a few days ago.

—York, Purdy, Baker and Moore, Colorado ranchmen, living on the Lower Gila River, have been killed by Indians.

—Albert Smith, convicted in San Antonio, Texas, of robbing a stage coach, has been sentenced 99 years to the Penitentiary.

—A widow and daughter, belonging to one of the wealthiest families of Grand Rapids, were the brides in a recent double wedding.

—Henry Stewart, a negro, aged nearly 80, who was insured for $125,000 by graveyard sharks, died at Harrisburg on Saturday night.

—Tickling induces laughter, except tickling in the throat, which causes coughing—at once removed by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents a bottle.

—The losses by the Michigan forest fires are put by careful estimates at $2,346,313, with insurance amounting to $623,682, leaving a net loss of $1,722,631.

—A young woman, named Kenny, was fatally gored and bitten by a cow supposed to be hydrophobic, in Dallas, Texas, on Friday. The animal was killed.

—While Peter Conrad, Fred. Vaughn and Charles Ritter were working in a sand pit near Lamont, Ill., on Friday, they were caught by a slide and suffocated.

—A woman taken with a fit in York, was mistaken for drunk, wheeled to the county jail, died a miserable death, and is now the subject of great popular attention.

—Thomas Ward was killed, John Ward fatally hurt and Timothy Whittle and Miles Keeler seriously injured by a fall of coal in the mines at Mahanoy City on Friday.

—On a train from Utica to Erie on Saturday two flashy young men chloroformed W. N. Brown, of Masseville, Ross county, Ohio, and robbed him of $8860, which he wore in a belt.

—In a quarrel in St. Louis John Mahoney shot Timothy Moran and Edward Hardy, inflicting fatal wounds. Moran died Sunday afternoon and Hardy was not expected to live.

—The residence of T. Jelleitch, near Jackson, Cal., was destroyed by fire Thursday morning and the entire family, consisting of the father and mother and two children, perished in the flames.

—The convicts in the Ohio penitentiary sent $100 to the Michigan sufferers. They raised this sum by denying themselves the luxury of tobacco and by the sale of trinkets which they had made.

—Rev. J. W. Anthony, a presiding elder of Dublin, Georgia, beat a negro caught making an assault upon a colored girl, and afterward the negro shot and killed Anthony on the highway.

—Emanuel Ettinger, who died in the jail at Middleburg, Snyder county, on Friday, made a confession that he killed John Kintzler and that Uriah Moyer shot Gretchen. He did not incriminate Erb.

—Grand excitement was created in Iowa City, Iowa, Friday afternoon by a landlord threatening to hold a corpse in a poor family for rent and to sell it for dissecting purposes. The landlord has been threatened with the law.

—Robert Bloskie, who has just died in Wabash, Ind., has for nine years lived chiefly on dog meat, which he declared to be wholesome and palatable. His family relished the same food, and propose to continue its use.

—Two wealthy stockmen were robbed on Thursday, in the Boston Mountains, Ark., by female outlaws, who pretended to be lost. This is the second robbery by the same persons within a week. It is supposed that they are men disguised as women.

—The steamer Clan Macduff, of the Clan Line, from Liverpool for Bombay, foundered on Thursday night last on the Irish coast. Three of her crew landed near Ballycotton, but the remainder, thirty-nine in number, are supposed to have been lost.

—A single vineyard near Dixon, Solano county, Cal., has just produced 250,000 boxes of raisins, worth $500,000. Vine planting is increasing greatly throughout the State, 2,000 acres of new vines being about to be set in the neighborhood of Cloverdale alone.

—The remains of the late President Garfield were transferred on Saturday morning from the receiving vault to the private vault of the Schofield family, in Cleveland, where they will lie till a permanent resting place is completed, which will be in about two years.

—Edmund Davis, an ex-convict, captured in Union county, North Carolina, on Wednesday of last week, confessed to having made an outrageous assault on Miss Good Frey. A mob took him from the officers on Thursday and hanged him to the limb of a tree.

—Matilda and Emma Williams, two young white girls aged 15 and 17 years respectively, on trial at Danville, Va., for the murder of their father, Robert Williams, near Whitwell, last month, were acquitted on Tuesday last, the evidence against them being insufficient.

—At Adrian, Mich., a cake bake d twenty-one years ago at the birth of C. C. Hulett and hermetically sealed in a tin can was opened one day last week, it being Mr. Hulett's twenty-first birthday. The cake was found sound and sweet, though it had an old taste.

—Dr. James Graham, who is ninety-eight years of age and a member of Governor Blackburn's staff, took part in the Yorktown parade. At the age of eighty Dr. Graham led to the altar a blooming bride of eighteen. He now has a son seventeen years old.

—Professor King and the Signal Service officer who left Chicago in a balloon last week, have been heard from. The balloon landed on Friday in a thick forest, 85 miles above Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, and the balloonists spent five days in a swamp, suffering great hardships.

—As the funeral of a 12 year-old girl was about to start from a house in Chicago, the health officers appeared, took charge of the body and dismissed the mourners, some of whom were disposed to resist. The girl had died of small pox, which had been concealed from the health departments.

—Sanford Noe, a brutal wife beater, near New Greenville, Illinois, whipped his wife most unmercifully, after which she took refuge at a neighbor's. The following day she was murdered by her husband at the wash tub. He stabbed her three times with a dirk, and then escaped toward the river.

—Among the cargo of the steamer Leipsig which arrived at Baltimore last Saturday from Bremen, were 8,000 heads of cabbage imported from Oldenburg, Germany. This is said to be the first importation of vegetables ever brought to that port, and it is due to the high prices of home-raised cabbages.

—D. T. Love, who recently made a publication reflecting on the virtue of a young lady who had just been married (Mrs. Lanier of West Point, Miss.), was killed at Greenville, Miss., on Friday by Mr. Lanier, who had been on the trail of Love since the time the publication was made. Lanier was arrested.

—Five men were killed by a collision, caused by a locomotive becoming "unmanageable" at McKinney Station, Ohio, on Wednesday. Three of the killed were railway hands; the other two were taking a ride for amusement. Two other employes were seriously injured; one of whom had both legs broken.

—Late Saturday night a man who resides near Bethlehem, Pa., attempted to throw his wife over the railing of the bridge at that place into the Lehigh river. The timely arrival of two citizens of Allentown rescued the woman and probably saved her life. The would-be murderer was under the influence of whiskey.

—Mr. Herbert Donaldson, of Oil City, danced, and the Presbyterian church of which he was a member danced him outside. He appealed to the Clarion Presbytery, but they s

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 28, 1881.

PREMIUM FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

$8.00 FOR $3.50.

With a view to increasing our circulation, we make the following liberal offer: To each of our patrons in the county who will pay all arrearages, if any are due, and send us the name of a new subscriber to the FREEMAN on or before the 1st day of March next, accompanied by $3.50 to pay for both subscriptions one year and two copies (one to each subscriber) of Kendall's "Treatise on the Horse and Its Diseases," the best work of the kind ever published, which any of our patrons outside of the county who will call on us will be for themselves and a new subscriber. The additional 40 cts. being for postage on our paper. We will not only send to each a copy of the horse book, but to the one remitting the money we will also send a receipted bill for one year's subscription to the COTTAGE HEARTH, an Illustrated Magazine of Home Arts and Home Culture, published in Boston and containing Portraits and Sketches of Distinguished Persons, Superior Home Music, Choice Poetry, Stories and Adventures, Ornamental and Fancy Work, the latest Fashions, the Mother's Chair, the Student's Corner, &c., all fully illustrated. As the two copies of the FREEMAN and horse books are alone worth the money asked, it will be seen that the COTTAGE HEARTH, the subscription price of which is $1.50 per year, is to be given as a free gift offering to any and all of our subscribers who are willing to pay us $3.50. All that is necessary, therefore, in order to secure a first-class magazine free of expense for an entire year is a little personal exertion on part of every reader, scarcely one of whom would find any difficulty in complying with the requirements of this notice. Go to work, then, and send in the names and the cash as soon as possible.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Death to rats and vermin—Parsons' Exterminator. [10-7.-1m.]

—If our preacher would take PERUNA his hoarseness would soon leave him.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have just received a new lot of knit jackets for men's wear.

—Potatoes are down to 60 and 75 cents per bushel in the neighboring town of Indiana.

—The Papal Jubilee is in progress this week at St. Benedict's church, Carrolltown.

—The Comet shirt is one of the latest articles of masculine apparel. And thereby hangs a tail.

—Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." [10-7.-1m.]

—"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years. [10-7.-1m.]

—There is a case of small-pox at East Conemaugh, that of a son of Mr. John Hoy, whose condition is not considered dangerous.

—Dyspeptic symptoms, such as retasting of food, belching, heat in the stomach, heartburn, etc., promptly cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Mrs. Annie M. Chase, late of this place, has returned from Philadelphia and taken up her abode in Altoona, where she proposes to teach music.

—The stocking stock in store at Barkers' is a stock in which a good deal of stock might be taken with decided advantage by all our local readers.

—It is now said that, despite the dry weather of the past summer, the prospect for a Democratic victory and a full supply of ice is imminent.

—Mr. Frank Gurley, of this place, has severed his connection with the Cresson railroad depot, and is once again with his family and friends.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have vinegar four years old, made from pure apple cider. Buy it and use it, and you will be sure to have the best of pickles.

—We desire to call your attention to the large stock of overcoats now under the weight of which the counters at the store of V. S. Barker & Bro. are fairly groaning.

—Willie Beamgan, aged 12 years, of Robertsville, Huntingdon county, was thrown and dragged by a mule on the 11th inst., receiving injuries which caused his death three days after.

—Mr. Geo. W. Reynolds, a veteran of the Mexican war and railroad ticket and station agent at Clearfield, was stricken by apoplexy and fell dead while taking a walk a week ago last Sunday.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have only one cider press left, which they will sell at a very low price. If you don't need it this fall, you can save money by buying it now and having it ready for next fall.

—Mrs. Rosh Davis, sister of "Forwarding" John Dougherty, of Mount Union a gentleman well known to most of our older readers, died at her home in McVeytown, on Thursday last, aged about 80 years.

—If Mich't Driskel, John Davis, Miss —— Evans, Heinrich Fleishmann, Henry B. Nesbit and Miss Mamie Roberts want each a letter, they had better be "thinking" to the Ebensburg postoffice as soon as possible.

—Now, when you are buying your boots for winter, don't forget that V. S. Barker & Bro. have twice as many as any other dealer, and hence you can have a much larger stock to select from at their store than anywhere else.

—F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, has recovered from a terrible skin humor, which covered his head, face and hands, by using Cuticura Resolvent internally and Cuticura and Cuticura soap externally. This is good news. [10-7.-1m.]

—Eggs are selling in this place at 15 cents per dozen, butter at 30 cents per pound, potatoes at $1 and $1.10 and apples at 40 to 60 cents per bushel, flour at $8 50 per barrel, and other necessaries of life at about the same ratio.

—Is ladies' shoes for winter use the largest and best assortment can be found at Barkers'. They have all kinds and at all prices, from the cheapest to the best, and you will be sure to save money by buying your shoes from them.

—Salt Rheum for seventeen years. Helpless for eight years. Unable to walk. Got about on hands and knees. Head, face, neck arms and legs, covered. Cured by Cuticura remedies. Will McDonald, 2542 Dearborn st, Chicago. [10-7.-1m.]

—Do you suffer from sick or nervous headache, neuralgia or sleeplessness? If so, do not delay, trusting that in time nature will restore you, but go at once to E. James, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa., for Dr. Faust's German Cure. [4-8.-6o w.1y.]

—Mrs. Hattie Buck, wife of our young banker friend, A. W. Buck, and daughter of Deputy Prothonotary Zahm, of this place, was baptized and received into the Catholic Church on Tuesday evening of last week by Rev. Father Reardon.

—The Huntingdon *Local News* notes the removal this week of Mr. Joshua Aurandt and family from that place to Lilly's station this county. Whatever their Aurandt, which is an honest one of course, we bid the newcomers welcome.

—Millie Sharbaugh, daughter of John Sharbaugh, Esq., of Summerhill, and sister of the assistant cashier at Johnstown, Shoemaker & Bucks' bank, this place, died on Thursday of last week, after a brief illness, aged about seven years.

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weakness so common to our best female population. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

—The skeleton of an Indian was unearthed in Huntingdon on Wednesday of last week by a party of laborers who were engaged in digging down an embankment at one of the street corners. When found the skeleton occupied a sitting posture.

—A man named John Heeter, who is charged with murdering Jacob Swank at Curtin Furnace, Franklin county, the early part of the present month, was arrested at Dallas, this county, by an Altoona officer, one day last week, and taken back for trial.

—As this is the season of the year for wearing the flannel shirts, all our gentlemen friends should call and see or more from V. Barker & Bro.'s, where they can be had cheaper than at any other store in town. They have them as low as one dollar in price.

—Maybe game is scarce in this section but how does this paragraph read? On Friday of last week, Mr. Emanuel Custer, of Ebensburg, went out hunting and this is his authenticated record: One canvas-back duck, one pheasant, one pigeon, five gray squirrels, and six pine squirrels.

—Mr. Patrick Connelly, of Millville boro', has been appointed by Chairman Heist, of the Democratic Committee, to assist him in the various duties pertaining to said position. Mr. Connelly is a young man of energy and ability, and will give a good account of his stewardship in the lower end of the county.

—Mr. Wm. B. Connell, of this place, has declined the Republican nomination for County Auditor, and Mr. John Wright, of Summerhill township, has been chosen to fill the vacancy. All Wright until the election, when the Democrats will have Litzinger and Englehart enough to Cover their opponents with dismay.

—Rev. Father Gibson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a former well known and much beloved pastor of the Catholic church at Loretto, and a brother of Mrs. Joseph McDonald and Mrs. Winnie Moore, of this place, is expected to reach here this (Friday) evening on a visit to his relatives and hosts of Cambria county friends. Welcome.

—On Thursday last, Michael Hagean, of Lildy's station, whose head ain't altogether level, stole a horse and buggy belonging to Rev. Bro. Lawrence O'Donnell, President of St. Francis' College, Loretto, which at the time was hitched in front of St. Patrick's church, Tunnelhill, and drove to Gaysport, Blair county, where he was arrested and committed to jail.

—Mr. Thomas Jones, son of Mr. Daniel Jones, of Cambria township, and well known in this community, was in town a few days this week. He is a veteran of the late rebellion, having served as a member of Co. A, Eleventh P. R. V. C., throughout all of three years, and bears on his body the marks of grim visaged war. His place of residence is now in Johnstown.

—John Sweeny, of Cambria borough, was struck in the abdomen by a lever which was thrown from some part of the machinery in consequence of the breaking of a wheel in the tuyer department of Hawes' Cement Works, Johnstown, on Thursday last, and so badly injured that he died on Saturday morning, and was buried in St. John's (Catholic) cemetery Sunday afternoon.

—We are in receipt of neatly printed invitation from Mr. and Mrs. David Lewis, of Cresson, Kansas, to witness the marriage yesterday (Thursday) of their daughter Mamie to Mr. Alex. Berg, of Salina, Ks. As all the parties formerly resided and are much esteemed in this community, we know that everybody here will join with us in wishing them a long, prosperous and pleasant matrimonial career.

—John Stewart, a brakeman on C. I. Co.'s narrow guage road, Johnstown, jumped off the rear truck of his train one evening last week, and failing beside the track some projection on the car caught and tore the flesh from his right leg below the knee clear to the bone as far as the ankle, besides injuring him otherwise. The unfortunate man was taken to his home in Tyrone, and it was feared that neither his leg nor his life could be saved.

—From our columns this week, as all may perceive, Young America's ad. has taken its leave, but the fact still remains, and it is patent to all, that for clothing the head our friends Rose and Agnew are the men to consult, for, go where you will, there are none can excel them in filling the bill. So if you want a good suit for whether or fall that is the store at which you should call, for in Altoona city there is not, we repeat, a stock or a price that can the Young America's beat.

—Capt. C. W. Mann, a cavalry officer in the late war, disengaged from his home at Martinsburg, W. Va., over three years ago, leaving a loving wife behind him, and was never seen or heard from until last week, when a cousin of his accidentally stumbled upon him at Everett, Bedford county. There was no apparent motive for the strange conduct of the wayward lieutenant, but if Everett comes to light the public will probably find out what manner of a Mann he is.

—Our young friend W. Seward Jones, of Zanesville, Ohio, helped himself to a helpmate Wednesday of last week, and we doubt not that in him the fair young lady has secured one of the fairest and most amiable daughters of that beautiful city. Seward has always done well and deserved Welfer, and now that he has won a loving wife and she a kind and devoted husband, we trust that peace and contentment may abide with them in this world as well as in the next.

—Mr. Jacob Young, of Philadelphia, one of the mechanics engaged in putting on the galvanized iron at the new Court House, made a narrow escape from a terrible death on Friday last. The scaffolding on which he was working, probably one hundred feet from the ground, gave way, and he fell a distance of seventy-five feet, when fortunately a projecting beam intercepted his descent, and he escaped with nothing more than a few bruises to complain of.

—Mr. A. D. Criste, agent for Gaskell's Compendium, has been delivering the work to his Ebensburg subscribers this week, and while some of them no doubt feel that the dollar is their pocket-book has gone where the rock is in their library, it cannot be denied that the work is one of the most valuable or the kind that has ever been published, and that it fully bears out all the assertions made by Mr Criste while introducing it to the public in this county and elsewhere.

—If Chairman Kinkead and Candidate Davis know it to be true that John A. Kennedy was mixed up in the Freethill matter, they certainly shouldn't object to making oath to the fact, as we challenge them to do. Now then, gentlemen, shove your hands, or the village of Summerhill (Irish township on Friday, the 14 inst. and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on the following Sunday. He was about eighty years of age and was a son of Arthur McConnell, who settled and died upon the farm he cleared two miles west of this place, on the Pittsburg turnpike. Many years ago Squire McConnell, as he was called, settled in Summerhill township, and followed farming as a business, but devoted a good deal of his time to surveying in various parts of the county. He was a most excellent citizen an honest, upright man, and enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of all who knew him. Peace to his ashes and rest to his soul.

—Mr. Geo. Stormer, of Conemaugh boro', received one of the valves of a boiler at the Steel Works, Johnstown, Sunday morning, and the escaping steam struck and buried him about twenty feet, fracturing his right shoulder blade and scalding him quite severely about the body, arms and face.

—Hon. Joseph Thompson, a brother of the late Major John Thompson, of this place, died yesterday morning at his home in the borough of Indiana. His age was 80 years, and he filled the office of Associate Judge for many years, and was a gentleman who during his long life commanded the highes respect and esteem of all who knew him.

—Henry O'Neill, formerly of Loretto, and John C. Westbrook, whose home is in Huntingdon, found work and lodgings together in Johnstown not long since, and got along very amicably until about three weeks ago, when the latter suddenly disappeared after buying himself to a fine suit of clothes belonging to his room mate. A warrant was issued and Westbrook was arrested and the clothing recovered at his former home on Thursday of last week. He was taken back to Johnstown, and at a preliminary hearing granted him the evidence was so overwhelming that he was brought here on Friday night and committed for trial at the December term of Court.

—A dastardly attempt was made at Erie, Pa., about 1 o'clock on Thursday morning of last week, to burn the episcopal residence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Mullen, who about thirty years ago had pastoral charge of the Catholic congregations in Johnstown and Wilmore and is well known to most of our older readers. A lot of pine boards saturated with oil were placed on the front door sill and set on fire, but the well being of stone nothing worse than the almost total destruction of the door resulted. Had the devilish attempt been successful not only the house but the procathedral adjoining would no doubt have been destroyed. Such fiendishness deserves nothing short of capital punishment.

—Wm. C. Ehrenfeldt, a younger brother of our clever friend Supervisor Fred. Ehrenfeldt, of Gallitzin, and who was employed as a fireman on the Pittsburgh Division, P. R. R., fell from a freight train on the east side of the mountain last Monday morning, while on his way from Altoona to Wilmore to visit his mother, and was run over and had his right arm severed near the shoulder and the shoulder itself badly lacerated. He was removed as speedily as possible to the residence of his brother, where a company physician from Altoona and Dr. Troxell, of Gallitzin, amputated the arm at the shoulder socket and otherwise cared for the unfortunate young man, whose age is only 21 years, and whose condition is such as to leave but little room for hope as to his ultimate recovery.

—A correspondent of the Johnstown *Democrat* says that P. B. Smith, of Munster township, is doing his utmost in the south of the county, and no doubt elsewhere, to defeat the Democratic ticket this fall. Smith says that he was cheated out of the nomination for County Commissioner and is determined to have his revenge. When asked why he didn't run as an independent candidate, he said there was a better way than that to beat the Democrats. This is a P. B. S. for P. B. S.—a Pretty Bad Story for Patrick Bernard Smith, and while we hope it is not true, we are well satisfied, if true, that it will hurt nobody but Mr. Smith himself, who knows full well that he was credited with every vote he received at the late primary election, and that Mr. Hogue was fairly and honestly nominated.

—A twin child of Mr. F. A. Kirkpatrick, of Conemaugh borough, died of diphtheria about noon on Thursday last, and at 9 o'clock the same evening the other twin fell a victim to the terrible scourge. An older child is also afflicted with the same ailment and it was feared that she would not recover. A strange coincidence in connection with the death of these children, whose age was nearly seven years, is related by the Johnstown *Tribune*, which says that the maiden name of their mother was Miller, and that she has two married sisters living in the vicinity of her home who have lost within a little over three weeks past three and two children, respectively, from diphtheria. The three sisters have thus buried seven children within the period stated. This bereavement is indeed a terrible one.

—The exercises of the Jubilee proclaimed for the present year by Pope Leo XIII. are being conducted this week at the Church of the Holy Name by Rev. Father de Martini, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and pastor in charge of a church at Trinidad, in the British West Indies, where he holds spiritual sway over a congregation comprising nearly if not quite 2,000 souls, over two-thirds of whom are of the negro race. The exercises of the Jubilee consist of Masses, sermons, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, confession, communion, almsgiving, fasting, etc. The sermon delivered each evening by Rev. Father de Martini is of the most earnest and eloquent character and attracts a large attendance of interested and edified listeners. We had the pleasure of an introduction and a very enjoyable half hour with the Rev. gentleman on Tuesday evening, during which he narrated several interesting incidents of his missionary life in the tropics.

PURE GRAPE WINE.—The President and a Committee from the Farmers' Club of the American Institute have visited Speer's Vineyards and Wine Cellars, and they report that the Port Grape Wine of Alfred Speer, of Passaic, New Jersey, is the most reliable wine to be obtained. It is now being used by physicians all over the country in the selection of wines for convalescent patients. The principal hospitals in New York have adopted this wine. Its superiority is supposed to arise from the iron in the soil. The vineyards are on a brown stone slate rock. For sale by E. James, new drug store, Ebensburg, Pa.

DEATH OF AN OLD CAMBRIAN.—We did not learn until after our paper was issued last week of the death of Thomas McConnell, Esq., of Summerhill township, who died at the residence of his son William, in the village of Summerhill Cross township, on Friday, the 14 inst. and was buried in the Catholic cemetery at Wilmore on the following Sunday. He was about eighty years of age and was a son of Arthur McConnell, who settled and died upon the farm he cleared two miles west of this place, on the Pittsburg turnpike. Many years ago Squire McConnell, as he was called, settled in Summerhill township, and followed farming as a business, but devoted a good deal of his time to surveying in various parts of the county. He was a most excellent citizen an honest, upright man, and enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of all who knew him. Peace to his ashes and rest to his soul.

MR. WALTER F. ADAMS, of Westboro, Mass., writes: "For years I suffered the horrors of dyspepsia and indigestion. They seemed to weaken every organ of life, and completely shattered my nervous system. At night when I lay down I felt I could not live until morning. Heartburn pained me most terribly. I tried Brown's Iron Bitters; it suited my case, and now my stomach digests any kind of food, and my sallow complexion and other symptoms of ill health are all gone, and at night I enjoy most refreshing, dreamless slumber."

"A COURSE OF INSTRUCTIONS" for the schools of this county has been prepared by the County Superintendent, Mr. L. Strayer, and will be placed in the hands of teachers and school officers at an early day. The object of the work is to introduce system and uniformity in the school work, and there is no doubt but what the teacher will be able to accomplish much more in the school-room by following the plan and suggestions of this little book. The studies for each grade are carefully arranged, and it seems to have been the aim of the author to arrange practical work for each grade. The Superintendent not only wishes to place a copy of the "Instructions" in the hands of teachers and school officers, but also wishes to meet with them to explain the plan and object of the pamphlet. The work was intended only for teachers and directors, but a copy will be mailed to any address upon application, enclosing stamp.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.—Mothers and daughters should feel alarmed when the feeling of weariness and languor too constantly oppresses them. "If I am cross and fretful from the exhaustion of vital powers and the color is fading from my face, I always find immediate relief in that excellent remedy, Parker's Ginger Tonic, which seems to build up my system and drive away pain and melancholy with wonderful certainty. Several of my friends have experienced the same benefit from its use."—*A Buffalo Lady.*

THE name of William Nesbitt, Esq., of Altoona, has been placed on the Republican State Central Committee. The colored people of that city no doubt feel very grateful for this mark of respect for one of their leading men, but according to the *Call* some of them hint that it will be a long time before a colored man is put on the Republican State ticket, although the colored vote alone makes Pennsylvania a Republican.

A GOOD Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he had been told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in *Hop Bitters.*

DEATH OF REV. P. M. GARVEY.—On Saturday night last Rev. P. M. Garvey, pastor of the Catholic congregation at Freeport, Armstrong county, died from a cancerous tumor in the lower part of the left side of his face and neck. About nine months ago the affliction manifested itself, and its growth was so rapid as to alarm him. He was treated by several Pittsburg physicians, but owing to the danger which would attend an operation, none of them cared to take the responsibility of cutting it out. About the beginning of July last he went to a Philadelpeia hospital, and placed himself in the hands of some of the most eminent surgeons connected with the medical colleges of that city. A partial operation was performed, but finding that the patient could not survive a complete removal of the foreign substance, they were reluctantly compelled to inform him that no surgical skill could save his life, and that he had but a comparative brief space of time to live. On his return to Freeport, the latter part of August, Father Garvey stopped off here over night, continuing his journey home next day. He fully realized that the end was rapidly nearing, and his farewell to such of his friends as met him carried with it a mournful meaning. Gradually the flesh sloughed off from the cancer, until a vital spot was reached, and he was at rest last.

Deceased was born in Ireland about fifty-four years ago, and soon after attaining his majority became ordained to the Catholic priesthood. In 1861 he was assigned to the pastorate of the old Catholic church which stood on what is now part of the burying ground in Conemaugh borough. Soon after his arrival he saw the necessity of erecting a new church edifice, and it was under his administration the building on the corner of Locust and Jackson streets, as well as the parsonage, were completed. He remained in charge here until the fall of 1872, when he was transferred to Brownsville, Allegheny county, and more recently to Freeport. Two of his brothers are also in the Catholic ministry, we believe in the eastern part of the State. Father Garvey endeared himself to the people of our town during his residence here, and not only by the members of his congregation, to whose spiritual wants he so faithfully attended, but also by those of all denominations who formed his acquaintance, the news of his death will be received with sorrow.—*Johnstown Tribune.* [May he rest in peace.]

NOTICE TO TEACHERS AND DIRECTORS.—As was announced at the fall examinations, a "Course of Study" has been prepared for the schools of Cambria county. Arrangements have been made to meet the several teachers and school officers, to place a copy of this "Course" in their hands, and to discuss the nature and plan of the work.

The teachers of Washington, Summitville, Gallitzin and Tunnelhill will meet in the school house near Cresson, Tuesday, Nov. 1st.

The teachers of Loretto borough and Allegheny townships will meet in the school house at Loretto, Thursday, Nov. 3d.

The teachers of Carrolltown, Chest and Elder will meet in the school house at Carrolltown, Saturday, Nov. 5th.

The teachers of Blacklick will meet in the school house at Belsano, Monday, Nov. 7th.

The teachers of Ebensburg, Cassown and Munster will meet in the borough school house in Ebensburg, Tuesday, Nov. 8th.

The teachers of Jackson will meet on Wednesday, Nov. 9th at Fairview at 2 o'clock p. m.

The teachers of Barr and Susquehanna will meet in the shool house near Nicktown, Wednesday, Nov. 16th.

The teachers of Reade and White will meet at Fallen Timber, Saturday, Nov. 19.

All the above stated meetings will convene at the hour of 2 o'clock, P. M., except those to be held at Carrolltown and Fallen Timber, which will convene at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the days specified.

Directors are specially invited to attend these meetings. It is expected that there will be a full attendance of teachers. It is to aid and encourage you in your work that this course of instruction has been prepared.

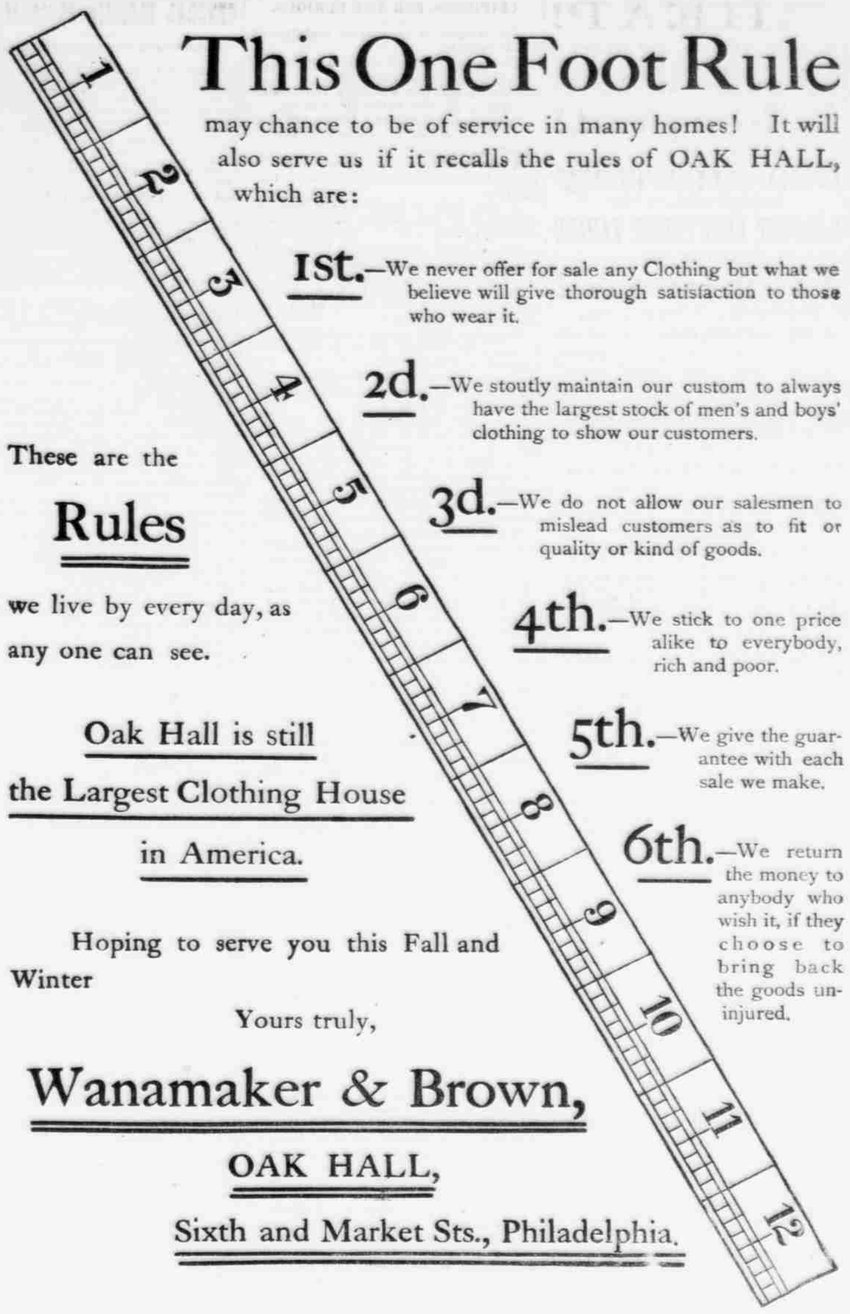
L. STRAYER, Co. Superintendent.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR NOVEMBER opens with a beautiful Steel Plate engraving, "Recalled to Life," a richly colored double-page Fashion Illustration, with numerous engravings of various designs of the Latest Fashions. The Diagram Pattern is a novelty in the fact that it is a Lady's Bodice without shoulder seams. The novelette is a thrilling story of land and sea, by Thomas S. Collins, called "Ground." There are numerous shorter stories in good writers, Aunt Ruth's funny sayings, and indeed the general get up of the magazine is worthy of all praise. One thing to be said of this old favorite is, that there is never any vulgarity or immorality in its pages, and, therefore, it is worthy of a place in any refined home. Any of our readers who do not take the Lady's Book and wish to do so can be supplied promptly by leaving their orders at this office. We will furnish our own paper and the Lady's Book for the low price of $3.00 per annum. As the next issue will close the current year, now is a good time to send in your subscription. The publication office is 1066 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A DASTARDLY OUTRAGE AND ROBBERY.—An infernal outrage and forgery-robbery was perpetrated at the residence of Mr. John Galloway, near Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, on Wednesday night last. Mr. Galloway is a bachelor, aged about 70 years, and was supposed to have considerable money about him. A woman named Nancy Newell filled the position of housekeeper for the bachelor. It seems, knocked at the door and Mr. Galloway opened it, when five bold fellows entered, and asked for the loan of an axe, the use of which was accordingly granted, after they pounced upon him and knocked him down, dragging him out upon the porch and beating him frightfully. Galloway, who fought for his life desperately, was finally overpowered and bound to a chair. Some of the fiends then bound and gagged Nancy Newell, throwing her on the floor and selecting the key which unlocked the door containing the old gentleman and lady, they searched the house and took $1,900 belonging to Mr. Galloway and $800 of Nancy Newell's, which they found in a drawer. The fiends then left the house. The peradoes left, succeeded in freeing herself and went for aid. Frank Newell and David Hoffman, two young farmers living in the neighborhood were arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the Galloway-Newell outrage near Mt. Union, Westmoreland county. He was to have a hearing before Justice of the Peace E. F. Kinkle's Bitter Wine of Iron. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency, and rejuvenates the entire system. Sold only in full bottles, or six bottles for $5. Ask for E. F. Kunkle's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. If your druggist has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkle, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa., and it will be sent you at once; send three cent stamp. Aschenbach & Miller, Sole Agents, 34 and Callowhill Sts., Philad'a.

JOHN R. WALKER, a dealer in Yankee notions, was arrested on Monday last and committed to the Greensburg jail on suspicion of being implicated in the Galloway-Newell outrage near Mt. Union, Westmoreland county. He was to have a hearing before Justice of the Peace E. F. Kinkle's Bitter Wine of Iron. It tones the system, dispels the mental gloom and despondency, and rejuvenates the entire system. Sold only in full bottles, or six bottles for $5. Ask for E. F. Kunkle's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. If your druggist has it not, send to proprietor, E. F. Kunkle, 259 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa., and it will be sent you at once; send three cent stamp. Aschenbach & Miller, Sole Agents, 34 and Callowhill Sts., Philad'a.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.—We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and older persons who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties, Rupture, and many other diseases. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Address Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. [6-9-1y.



This One Foot Rule

may chance to be of service in many homes! It will also serve us if it recalls the rules of OAK HALL, which are:

1st.—We never offer for sale any Clothing but what we believe will give thorough satisfaction to those who wear it.

2d.—We stoutly maintain our custom to always have the largest stock of men's and boys' clothing to show our customers.

3d.—We do not allow our salesmen to mislead customers as to fit or quality or kind of goods.

4th.—We stick to one price alike to everybody, rich and poor.

5th.—We give the guarantee with each sale we make.

6th.—We return the money to anybody who wish it, if they choose to bring back the goods uninjured.

These are the **Rules** we live by every day, as any one can see.

Oak Hall is still the Largest Clothing House in America.

Hoping to serve you this Fall and Winter

Yours truly,

Wanamaker & Brown,

OAK HALL,

Sixth and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

B. & B.

OCTOBER 8, 1881.

For the coming week, in

SILK DEPARTMENT.

One lot Black Rhadames, $.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00. These goods are of much good value this day one who examines them will be sure to purchase.

Also special bargains in the celebrated Gainut and Bonnet Black Silks, from $1.25 up to the finest numbers.

Satin d'Lyon, Satin Merveilleux, Satin Sicrat. Also, new Satin Parisienne, very elegant, at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00, never before shown in this market.

New Costume Velvets, 24 inches wide, at 75 cts the reasonable shades, at $2.50, being close and heavy.

New Black Costume Velvets, 27 inches wide, at $2.50—a rare bargain.

New Costume Velvets, $5.00 up to $10.00 per yd.

100 pieces 40-inch Foule, all pure wool, in twelve choice colours, at 50c. a yard, opened to-day, and the most extraordinary value ever shown in this city.

New 46-inch fine French Dress Goods received this week in neat Checks and Plaids, at $1.00 and $1.25; suitable for fall School and Combination. New, handsome and elaborate Strip d'Orsettes in rich colorings. Dress Goods at 50c. a yard up to $2.50.

Great offerings in Housekeeping Goods—Towels, Napkins and Tablings: 50 dozen Napkins at $1.22; German Linen, worth and never sold under $1.50; 50 dozen Napkins at $1.50.

100 dozen Heavy Damask Red Borders, ⅞ size, a job lot, $2.50, worth $3.50.

Doyles, $1, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, up to $5 per dozen. Also, 1,000 yards of German Table Linen at 75 in six handsome Damask patterns a good bargain.

New Hosiery in Cotton, Merino, Cashmere and Wool, of foreign and domestic manufacture, in a great variety of handsome styles, from 10c. a pair up.

A very extra bargain in Ladies' Cashmere Hose, 3 colors, at 40c. a pair.

Kid Gloves, Foster hook, $1.25, $1.50 and $2; 4-button Undressed Kid Gloves, $1. Full line Partys and Opera Shades and pointed prince.

In Cloak Department we continue to show New Novelties every day in Walking Coats, Ulsterette, Circulars, &c., in new and graceful shapes, at prices ranging from $3.50 up.

Also, daily opening new things in Silk, Satin d'Lyon, Merveilleaux and Rhadame Garments in all the new styles and shapes as fast as they appear, in Indigo of Fur, Brown, Silk and Satin.

A special garment worthy of note is a Satin d'Lyon Dolman, new shape, for trimming, very long; price $28, worth $40 to $50.

Seal sacques, $150 to $350; sizes 32 to 42; length, 32 in. to 46 in.; qualities guaranteed and prices always the lowest. We earnestly solicit an examination.

BOGGS & BUHL,

118 and 120 Federal St.,

ALLEGHENY.

The Truth Tritely Told.

THE NEW STORE OF

S. TEITELBAUM, CARROLLTOWN,

IS THE PLACE TO BUY AT LOWEST PRICES ALL

SUMMER GOODS OF ALL KIND!

S. TEITELBAUM.

OUR BELOVED

GARFIELD

AND HIS FAITHFUL CABINET.

A Splendid Chromo Lithograph of our late President and his Cabinet, 17x24 inches, printed in 12 colors, on heavy paper mats, ready for framing. Size, when framed, 24x30 inches. This beautiful work of art is ready for delivery, and orders are solicited. In order that every family may be able to possess this beautiful and touching souvenir of our late President and his Cabinet, we will send it for only 40 cents per copy, postage paid. A correct likeness, printed in 5 colors, reduced from the large picture. No. 1." for which a charter will be granted at an Argument Court, to be held in and for said county, on Tuesday, the 2nd day of November, A. D. 1881, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause, if they can, why the prayer of said petitioners should not be granted.

By the Court.

JOHN C. GATES, Prothonotary.

Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 3, 1881.-3t.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, in the lumber business in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., under the firm name of Wagner & Wagner, was dissolved by mutual consent, W. W. Sanno and Thadeus Conrad retiring. The business of the late firm will be continued by John Wagner.

JOHN WAGNER.
W. W. SANNO.
THADEUS CONRAD.

Oct. 5, 1881.—74-80.

W. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.

SECHLER & KITTELL,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.

OFFICES in Loffler & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Centre sts., Ebensburg, and in Colonade Row, Johnstown. [12-4, 81.]

LAND FOR SALE.—The undersigned has 98 Acres of land lying on road leading from Chest Springs village to Loretto, with about 75 acres cleared. There are about twenty acres more, the balance being well covered with saw timber, principally hemlock. Terms made easy. For additional information call on the subscriber.

P. A. STORM.

July 15, 1881.-6t. Loretto, Pa.

M. E. BUCKLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

ALTOONA, PA.

Office at 1102 Twelfth street, in Keller building and immediately in rear of First Nat'l Bank, Altoona, April 22, 1881.-6t.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of W. J. Lloyd, dec'd, (first floor.) Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.-yr.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [6-26.-1y.]

THE PEOPLE'S

SHAVING and HAIR-DRESSING SALOON.

THE subscriber has the pleasure of announcing to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity that he has opened a first-class Saloon, and will be found in the building recently occupied by Judge Lloyd as a drug store, on High street, opposite the Mountain House, where he will be glad to welcome all who may be in need of his services. He will endeavor to give satisfaction in all his dealings, and solicits a liberal share of the public patronage. Ladies' and children's hair cutting made a specialty, and watchmaking and repairing done in connection and no charge made. Please give me a call.

H. F. SCHAEFER.

Ebensburg, March 28, 1881.-1y.

ST. XAVIER'S ACADEMY

NEAR LATROBE, PA.

NEARLY half a century old, from which some of the most prominent and cultivated ladies in Pennsylvania and elsewhere have graduated, offers most thorough instruction in the highest standard of refining influences.

☞ Pupils admitted at any time. Yearly expense about $150.

Address

SISTERS OF MERCY,

Beatty P. O.,

Dec. 10, 1880.-tf. Westmoreland Co., Pa.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency.

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1870.-1y.*

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—To all whom it may concern, notice is hereby given that an application has been made to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county for the incorporation of "The Ebensburg Driving Park Co. No. 1," for which a charter will be granted at an Argument Court, to be held in and for said county, on Tuesday, the 2nd day of November, A. D. 1881, at 10 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause, if they can, why the prayer of said petitioners should not be granted.

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JOHN WAGNER.
W. W. SANNO.
THADEUS CONRAD.

Oct. 5, 1881.—74-80.

DEATH TO WORMS.

E. F. KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP never fails to destroy all kinds of worms—pin, seat, round, thread or stomach worms. Symptoms—The usual symptoms of worms are intestinal irritation, pains in the belly, irritation or itching at the lower end of bowels, alternations of diarrhœa and costiveness, great thirst, variable and often voracious appetite. The person becomes hungry almost immediately after eating heartily, and at other times the appetite is feeble and depraved, soliciting strange articles, as dirt, chalk &c. There is a fetid breath, the complexion is pale and sallow, with occasional flushes, swelling of the upper lip, watery mouth, a livid circle around the eyes, dilation or contraction of the pupil, and enlargement of the belly. The person's sleep is disturbed, often starts and awakes with terror, grinds the teeth, picks the nose, and has a dry cough, headache, slow fever, and spasmodic or convulsive affections. To these may be added a slow irregular condition of fever, which, while it continues, is attended with great drowsiness. There is also one of the most patient and the pit of the stomach with occasional purging and a good deal of gastric distress. The heat is much affected, sometimes painfully, though to the most part, with stupor or delirium. The eye is wild, the pupil dilated, the size of the nose contracted, the cheek flushed, and the whole body inflamed, as if ignited. There often a very strange alteration of the voice, and in some instance a total loss of speech. E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove them. Price, $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. (For Tape Worm, write and consult the doctor.) For all others buy of your druggist the Worm Syrup, and if he has it not, send to E. F. Kunkel, 259 N. Ninth St

READ PROOF OF WONDERFUL CURES.

FREMONT, OHIO, Jan. 25, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: I think it my duty to render you my thanks for benefits and profits which I have derived from your invaluable and far famed Spavin Cure. My cousin and I had a valuable stallion worth $4,000 which had a very bad spavin, and we pronounced by four eminent veterinary surgeons beyond any cure, and that the horse was done forever. As a last resort I advised my cousin to try a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure. It had a magical effect—the third bottle cured it and the horse is as well as ever. Dr. Bok, of Edinburgh, the eminent veterinary surgeon was an uncle of mine, and I take great interest in assisting his profession. Yours, truly,

JAMES A. WILSON, Civil Engineer.

Kendall's SPAVIN Cure

WILTON, MINN., Jan. 11, 1881.

B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: Having got a horse book of you by mail a year ago, the contents of which persuaded me to try Kendall's Spavin Cure on the hind leg of one of my horses, which was badly swollen and lame. You sent me the book by another remedy, I got two bottles of Preston & Luddith, Druggists of Wasco, which completely cured my horse. About three years ago I had a three year old colt swunnied very bad. I used your remedy as given in your book without rowelling, and I must say to your credit that the colt is entirely cured, which is a surprise, not only to myself, but also to my neighbors. You sent me the book for the trifling sum of 25 cents and if I could not get another I would not take twenty-five dollars for it. Yours truly, GEO. NUTMAN.

From a PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

WASHINGTONVILLE, OHIO, June 17, 1880.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: Reading your Treatise on the Turf, Field and Farm, of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and having a valuable and speedy horse who had been lame from spavin for eighteen months, I sent to you for a bottle by express, which in six weeks removed the enlargement and enlargement, and also a large splint from another horse, and both horses are to-day as sound as a colt. The end of the matter is to me one hundred dollars. Respectfully yours,

H. A. HERCOLETT, M. D.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

HARRISBURG, PA., Nov. 15th, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: I have a very fine mare that had a bone spavin for a long time. I tried everything I could hear of, but could get rid of it all in vain, and was about to give it up when a friend of mine in this city came to me and recommended "Kendall's Spavin Cure," which I tried with grand results, removing the bone clear and clean. I then sent 25 cents to you for one of your illustrated Horse Books, and I think there is no better book published on the horse and his diseases. I have taken great interest in it, and have since sold 18 copies for you to my neighbors, and will try and do so this year. Yours truly, H. W. MELTON.

Kendall's Spavin Cure on Human Flesh.

WEST ERONSMAN, VT., Feb. 18, 1881.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co.—Gents: Several months ago I sprained my knee joint, which caused an enlargement to arise the size of a large walnut and caused me very severe pain all the time for four or five weeks. I began to use Kendall's Spavin Cure with the most satisfactory results. It has completely removed the enlargement and stopped the lameness and pain. I have long known it to be excellent for horses, but now I know it to be the best Liniment for human flesh that I am acquainted with.

Yours truly, T. P. L. WRENCE.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

Is sure in its effects and mild in its action, as it does not blister; yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain, or to remove any bone, wrath or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, and any lameness and all enlargements of joints or limbs, and also for rheumatism in man, or for any purpose for which a Liniment is used for man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mildly and yet certain in its effects.

Send address for Illustrated Circular, which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unqualified success in our knowledge, for many as well as beast.

☞ Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you; or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Feb. 19, 1881.—6m.

R. L. Johnston. M. J. Buck.
F. A. Shoemaker. A. W. Buck

JOHNSTON SHOEMAKER & BUCK, BANKERS,

Ebensburg Pa

Money Received on Deposit,
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

INTEREST ALLOWED on TIME DEPOSITS.

COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.

Accounts Solicited.

A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

Ebensburg, March 10, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.

Premium Notes now in force - $136,000

Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.

Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.

NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.

GEO. M. READE, President.

T. W. DICK, Secretary.

Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1881.-1y.

RIVINIUS' BLOCK,
EBENSBURG, PA.,

CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

Hamburg Tea!

(ASK FOR LENORMAN'S, THE ONLY GENUINE.)

The Great BLOOD PURIFIER

And Purgative, which was known to the famous old Arabian physicians as early as the ninth century, is adapted to the relief of Fevers, Constipation, Febrile Complaints, Want of Appetite, Dropsy and Rheumatism. It has a decided advantage over all other purgatives, being more thorough in cleansing out the system, without producing the agonizing, griping pains and straining which so accompany the action of other cathartics. When Pimples or other skin diseases are also present, shampoo the affected parts thoroughly with Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap. Jos. Schorb & Miller, proprietors, 33 and Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by E. JAMES, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. [11-6-1y.]

DR. M. J. BUCK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALTOONA, PA.

Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. 14-19-tf.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. ☞ Illus. Catalog. Free. Address Beatty, Washington, N. J.

CCCC HEAP!
C C H H EEE A PPP EEE RRR !!!
C HHE AA P P E R R !!!
C HHH EE AAA PPP EE RRR !!!
C HHE A AP E R R !!!
C C HHE E A AP EEE R R !!!
CCCC heapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED

STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware,

GGGG HOUSEFURNISHING SSSSSS
G G O O D D S
G GG O O D D S
GGGG OOOO DDDD SSSSSS

&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,

of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware

of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!

of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Road, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,

Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of **Harvesting Tools.** Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths,

Carriage Oil Cloth.

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; ROCK SALT, the best and cheapest for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; FERRIS'S PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS and CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as STRICTLY GENUINE, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

☞ Having had nearly thirty years' experience in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS

HAY BROTHERS,

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

OF

TIN, COPPER,

AND

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING STOVES,

SHEET METALS,

—AND

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

B. J. LYNCH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

HOME AND CITY MADE

FURNITURE!

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

LOUNGES, BED STEADS,

TABLES, CHAIRS,

Mattresses, &c.

1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,

Between 16th and 17th Sts.,

Altoona Penn'a

☞ Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before buying elsewhere, as I am confident that I can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. B. J. LYNCH.

Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

McNEVIN & YEAGER,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,

—AND DEALERS IN—

COOKING & HEATING STOVES,

RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,

1108 Eleventh Avenue, . Altoona, Pa.

One Door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

REPAIRS FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Altoona, Oct. 10, 1879.-tf.

$20 00 SAVED! $20.00

$20.00 SAVED by purchasing a NEW HOME MACHINE from the undersigned, whose office is at 1604 Eleventh Avenue, between 16th and 17th Sts., ALTOONA, PA., and who offers the Editor of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN as reference

J. McGRATH.

Altoona, April 15, 1881.-tf.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The weight of an averare male adult is 140 pounds.

The New Zealand method of courtship is by touching noses.

New York has a society that sends ice free to all who make application.

Dice games for $100 a throw are said to be common on the streets of Butte, Montana.

About two-thirds of a pint of air is inhaled at each breath in ordinary respiration.

A tree full of birds was struck by lightning at Owensboro, Ky., and 350 of them killed.

The women prisoners in the Louisville, (Ky.) workhouse are compelled to labor in the stone quarries.

The Druids gathered their sacred mistletoe with a gold knife when the moon was six days old.

Wood has been preserved 3,000 years in Egyptian tombs, where it has been exposed only to dry air.

The tunnel under the English Channel at the present rate of working will be completed in five years.

In ancient Etrutia each new month was ushered in by a day of merry-making in honor of a tutelary diety.

The skin contains more than two million openings which are the outlets for an equal number of sweat glands.

The sense of smell in ants is highly developed. Huber discovered that they trace each other in search of food.

A Connecticut woman has given her son a large comforter made of hair cut from her own head during ten years.

In Bengal it is an ascertained fact that a British regiment of 1,000 men dissolves entirely away in eleven years.

The warm baths, so valued by the Romans, once fell into disrepute because Augustus had been cured by cold ones.

The inhabitants of the island of Niau have one name for blue, violet and black, and another for yellow and orange.

Skull worship is carried on in some islands of the Pacific ocean. The skulls of celebrated men are deposited in the temples.

Saint Hilarious ate only fifteen figs and six ounces of barley per diem. Saint Paul, the Hermit, lived 159 years on dates.

Silk damasks are now made by pasting thin silk tissue on cotton. India rubber dissolved in petroleum is used as a cement.

There are two maple trees at Plainfield, Vt., which for thirty-two feet grow separate, but at that point unite and form one perfect tree.

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute, and uses three thousand cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy-five hogsheads of air per hour.

A cripple, traveling on his hands and knees, has undertaken a journey to Texas, starting from Montreal. He seems confident of his ability to perform his task.

Every adult man has 1,400 square feet of lungs; or, rather, the mucous membrane lining the air-cell of his lungs, if spread upon a smooth, plain surface, would cover an extent of 1,400 square feet.

There is a theater in Berlin which gives performances at half-past six in the morning during pleasant summer days. The price of admission is low and 2,000 to 3,000 persons are often present at these representations.

A Brazilian paper speaks of a negro who died there recently aged 130, and of several other persons who reached remarkable ages, and attributes this longevity principally to the fact that the men and women referred to were vegetarians.

England has a mourning reform association. It was started in 1875 by three women, and it now numbers 450 members. It proposes to do away with fixed customs or rules of mourning, beyond a black band around the arm or a black scarf, and to leave to the most interested the privilege of regulating their habits and styles of dress in time of bereavement as well as in seasons of pleasure.

The solitary wasps sting their victims in such a manner as to pierce the ganglia, and thus, without killing them, almost deprive them of all power of movement. One species of sphex, which preys on a large grasshopper, after having almost paralyzed her victim in the usual manner, throws it on its back, bends the head so as to extend the articulators of the neck, and then, seizing the membrane between the head and the body, with their jaws, crushes the ganglion—a marvelous instinct.

The shortest of mankind are the Bushman and related tribes in South Africa, with an average height not exceeding four feet six inches. The tallest race of men is less than one-fourth higher than the shortest, a fact which seems surprising to those not used to measurement. In general, the stature of the women of any race may be taken as about one-sixteenth less than that of the men. Thus a man of five feet eight inches and a woman of five feet four inches look an ordinary well-matched couple.

WATER IN DRY PLACES.—It is known that between the Rocky mountains and the Mississippi there are vast regions which are arid and unprofitable because of the absence of water. A stream or a well is all that is necessary to make these sterile regions blossom as the rose. It is known that at some distance underground there is an abundance of water, which, if reached, and utilized, would make fruitful hundreds of millions of acres of land. The government has selected Messrs. C. A. White, of Greely, Colorado, and Professor S. Aughey, of Nebraska, to act as a commission to select sites for sinking experimental artesian wells in the arid regions of the Rocky mountains. To guide the commission, Professor Powell has marked spots on the map for examination. Most of them are between the 101st and 113th degrees of longitude. The area to be inspected includes one-third of the State of Texas, the eastern portions of Montana, Colorado and New Mexico, and the western portions of Nebraska, Dakota and Kansas. The practical result from this inquiry must be of the utmost moment to the country. Irrigated land is wonderfully fruitful, and it is one of the utmost importance that, as our population increases, new outlets should be found for those who wish homes and farms of their own. These now arid plains are near the richest mineral regions in the United States. Could they be made productive, the crops would find a ready market among the mining population.

MOCK BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Warm one quart of skimmed milk to the temperature of new milk; add one teaspoonful of dairy salt and three tablespoonfuls of good lively yeast; thicken to the consistency of real buckwheat cakes with Graham meal in which three small handfuls of fine corn meal has been mixed. Very coarse "middlings," such as one gets from country mills, answer quite as well, and none but an expert would know the difference between the imitation and the real.

DIPTHERIA CURE.—A New Bedford (Mass.) woman reports a new and, as she claims, a successful cure for diphtheria. A little nephew of hers was sick with diphtheria, and the child's mother was told to give him tea made of the bark of the roots of the white birch. She did so, and the coating of the throat and mouth began to loosen and come off, and entire recovery followed. The tea may be used as a drink or gargle, or may be held in the mouth.

GENERAL ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

WHEREAS, by an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the General Elections within this Commonwealth," it is enjoined upon me to give public notice of said elections, and to enumerate in said notice what officers are to be elected, I THOMAS GRIFFITH, High Sheriff of the county of Cambria, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that a General Election will be held in said county of Cambria on the

8th day of November, A. D. 1881,

(the same being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month,) at which time State and County officers will be elected as follows:

ONE PERSON for the office of State Treasurer of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON in conjunction with the Counties of Blair and Huntingdon for President Judge.

ONE PERSON for the office of Treasurer of the county of Cambria.

TWO PERSONS for the office of Associate Judges of the county of Cambria.

THREE PERSONS for the office of Commissioner of the county of Cambria.

ONE PERSON for the office of Poor house director of the county of Cambria.

THREE PERSONS for the office of Auditor of the county of Cambria.

ONE PERSON for the office of Coroner of the county of Cambria.

That the person who shall have received the second highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend on the day of an election, then the person who shall have received the next highest number of votes for inspector at the next preceding election shall act as inspector in his place. And in case the person who shall have received the highest number of votes for inspector shall not attend on the morning of election, the judge of said election shall appoint an inspector in his place. And in case the person elected judge shall not attend, then the inspector who shall have received the highest number of votes shall appoint judge in his place, and if any vacancy shall continue in the board for the space of one hour after the time fixed by law for the opening of the election, the qualified voters of the township, ward, or district for which such officers have been elected shall elect some of their number to fill the vacancy.

THE MODE OF VOTING.

The attention of all qualified voters is directed to the following Act of Assembly regulating the mode of voting in this Commonwealth:

CHANGE IN THE MODE OF VOTING.

AN ACT regulating the mode of voting at all the elections in the several counties of the Commonwealth, approved March 29, 1869:

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That hereafter all qualified voters of the several counties of this Commonwealth at the general, township, borough, or special elections, are hereby hereafter authorized to vote such tickets printed or partly printed and partly written, or entirely written, or partly printed and partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of all Judges of Courts to be voted for, and be labeled "Judges"; one ticket shall embrace the names of all State officers voted for and be labeled "State"; one ticket shall embrace the names of all County officers voted for, and be labeled "County"; one ticket shall embrace the names of all Township officers voted for, and be labeled "Township"; one ticket shall embrace the names of all Borough officers voted for, and be labeled "Borough"—and each class shall be deposited in a separate ballot box.

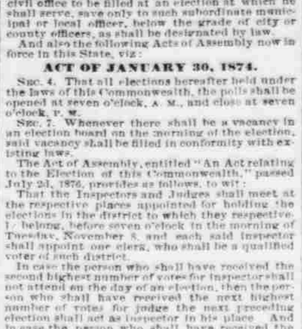
GIVEN under my hand, at my office in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, and the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifth.

THOMAS GRIFFITH, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 1, 1881.

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL SEWING MACHINES is the LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME



BEST MADE

SIMPLE STRONG SWIFT SURE

HAS NO EQUAL

IS ALWAYS IN ORDER AND WILL LAST A LIFETIME

SURPASSES OTHERS

Johnson Clark & Co.

20 UNION SQ. NEW YORK

CHICAGO ILL.

ORANGE MASS.

Floreston Cologne

Most Fragrant & Refreshing of Perfumes

Exceedingly Delicate and Lasting.

Price, 25 cts.; Large Bottles, 75 cts.

Sold by Dealers in Drugs & Perfumery. Signature of Hiscox & Co., N. Y., on every bottle.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The Medicine for Every Family.

NEVER INTOXICATES.

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Gallingal, and other of the best vegetable remedies known, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC has remarkably varied curative powers, & is the greatest Stomach Corrector, Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator ever made.

The Best Medicine You can Use for Restoring Health & Strength

It commences to act from the first dose, searches out the weak organs, and is warranted to cure or help all diseases of the Bowels, Stomach, Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Urinary Organs, all Complaints of Women, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism and Drunkenness.

Try a bottle to-day; it may save your life. 50ct. and $1 sizes. Genuine bottle has our signature on outside wrapper. Hiscox & Co., N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.

Parker's Hair Balsam

Just What is Wanted.

Everybody whose hair is gray or faded has felt the need of a Hair Restorer and dressing that is cleanly, agreeably perfumed and harmless. Parker's Hair Balsam satisfies the most fastidious in these respects. Sold by druggists at 50c. and $1.

J. MONROE TAYLOR

ESTABLISHED 1844.

Gold Medal Soda, Gold Medal Saleratus.

GOLD MEDAL IS THE BEST.

Gold Medal Baking Powder, Gold Medal Cream Tartar, Gold Medal Wasching Crystal.

113 WATER ST., NEW YORK.

The whitest, nicest and best goods made. Guaranteed pure, superior in quality and style of package to any brand in the world. Takes less quantity to do the same work. Ask your grocer for it, and have no other.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting** Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL** and **TOE complete,** in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.,** 609 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take a pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 5 letter stamps.

J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR Traveling State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 205 George St. Cincinnati, O.

$2 Watches, Stem-winders, Solid Silver, Warranted Hunting Case, Patented, Perfect Time-keepers. Cheapest and best for your own use or to sell for large profits. Valuable circulars free. TWOMBLY & CO., 125 Nassau St., New York.

Simple Experiments in Electricity.

A great many experiments can be performed with glass tubes, sticks of sealing wax and sulphur, when only small quantities of electricity are required. The best rubber for a smooth glass tube is the rough side of a black oiled silk. A little beeswax drawn over the surface of a tube will greatly increase its power. In rubbing a tube, the hand should be kept two or three inches below the upper part of the rubber, otherwise the electricity will discharge itself upon the hand, and nothing will remain upon the tube for the experiment. When the tube is in very good order, and strongly excited, it will throw off many pencils of rays at every stroke, without the approach of any conductor, except what moisture may float in the common atmosphere.

THE MAGIC FEATHER.—Electrify a smooth glass tube with a rubber, and hold a small feather at a short distance from it. The feather will instantly fly to the tube, and adhere to it for a short time; it will then fly off, and the tube can never be brought close to the feather till it has touched the side of the room, or some other body that communicates with the ground. If, therefore, you take care to keep the tube between the feather and the side of the room, you may drive it round to all parts of the room without touching it; and, what is very remarkable, the same side of the feather will be constantly opposite the tube. While the feather is flying before the smooth tube, it will be immediately attracted by an excited rough tube or a stick of wax, and fly continually from one tube to the other, till the electricity of both is discharged.

THE ROTATING PIPE.—Lay a watch down on a table, and on the glass balance a tobacco-pipe very carefully. Next take a wine-glass, rub it quickly with a silk handkerchief, and hold it for half a minute before the fire, then apply it to the mouth end of the pipe, and the latter, attracted by the electricity excited by the friction and warmth of the handkerchief and glass, will immediately follow it; and by carrying the wine-glass around, always in front of the pipe, the latter will continue its rotary motion, the watch glass being the centre on which it rotates.

ELECTRICAL PAPER.—Take a piece of common brown paper, about the size of an octavo book, hold it before the fire till quite dry and hot, then draw it briskly under the arm several times, so as to rub it on both sides at once by the coat. The paper will be found so powerfully electrical, that if placed against a wainscoted or papered wall of a room, it will remain there for some minutes without falling. If the paper be again warmed, and drawn under the arm as before, and hung up by a thread attached to one corner of it, it will hold up several feathers on each side. Should these fall off from different sides at the same time, they will cling together very strongly; and if after a minute, they all be shaken off, they will fly to one another in a very singular manner.

THE ANIMATED SPIDER.—Cut a bit of cork in the form of a spider, furnish it with eight white thread legs, and run through the body a long black silk thread, by which hang up the imitation insect. Excite a rod of sealing-wax and another of glass, both by means of a rubber, and hold them on each side of the spider, which will vibrate backward and forward.

DANCING BRAN.—Support a pane of glass, previously warmed, upon two books, one at each end, and place some bran underneath; then rub the upper side of the glass with a black silk handkerchief, or a piece of flannel, and the bran will dance up and down under it with much rapidity.

THE EXCITABLE BALL.—Warm and excite a piece of brown paper as before; lay it on a table, and place upon it a ball, made of elder-pith, about the size of a pea; the ball will immediately run across the paper; and, if a needle be pointed toward it, it will again run to another part, and so on for a considerable time.

ADHERING GOOSE-QUILLS.—If a piece of paper be placed on a smooth table, and then rubbed smartly with India rubber, the electricity will be so great that two or three goose-quills may be made to adhere to the under side of the paper after it has been raised from the table.—*The Cottage Hearth.*

COWS AND CALVES.

CARE OF CALVES.—To have healthy calves it is very important to keep the animals clean. This can only be done by having their pens arranged to admit of easily cleaning. Owing to the mild diet of calves, they emit a great deal of water which makes their pens unusually wet. If one can so arrange their pens as to have a slat floor and good drainage underneath, it will add much to the health of the occupants. But if they are to be kept on the ground, the pen should be thoroughly cleaned on every day and rebedded with dry material. If your pen has the least offensive smell about it, you may know that you are not doing your best for your calves and that they need attention. Each pen should be fitted up with little feed boxes, and it is surprising how soon the young calves will eat whole oats and corn. If your calves should get loose as the best kept calves will sometimes, take some waste grease—lard is the best—cut it with a little kerosene and turpentine, and then thicken with some dry pulverized sulphur, and rub on the hair where the lice are. Look at the animal next morning, and, if one of the parasites can be found, rub on some more of the ointment; it works like a charm: the lice disappear like "dew before the sun."

A GOOD JERSEY COW.—An exchange says that Attorney General Hardie, Kentucky, owns one of the most extraordinary of living cows; and she is as beautiful as she is good. In a single day her yield of butter has been as much as two pounds two ounces of butter, and from the time of calving—22nd of May—up to this date the yield has at no time been less than two pounds four ounces. Tested for four days in succession, at the last of June, the average yield of butter per day was two pounds eight ounces, or at the rate of seventeen pounds and a half each week. Shortly after calving she gave thirty-six pounds of milk per day; and the yield now is from twenty-eight to thirty-one pounds. She has not yet attained the full measure of her powers—being as yet only a heifer. She is a prize, and it will take a sum of money to buy her.

THE COW WHEN HER FIRST CALF.—It is often the case when a heifer has her first calf, that the farmer thinks she will not give more milk than will keep her calf in good condition, and let them run together to teach her the mystery of being milked the next time she has a calf. In this decision there are two mistakes that go far to spoil the cow for future usefulness.

Cows are largely the creatures of habit, and with their first calf everything is new and strange to them, and they readily submit to be milked and think it is all right; but suffer them to run with the calf the first season and a vicious habit is established that they will hardly forget in a lifetime. If they ever submit to be milked quietly, it is evidently under protest.

IT is astonishing how many people hawk up and spit out Catarrhal corruptions when there is so little need of it, as PERUSA cures it.

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for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

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It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humor there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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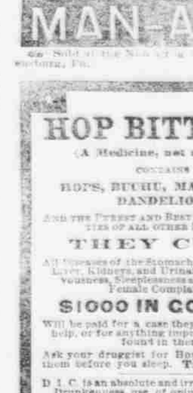
Aug. 12.—6m.



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Aug. 12.—6m.

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